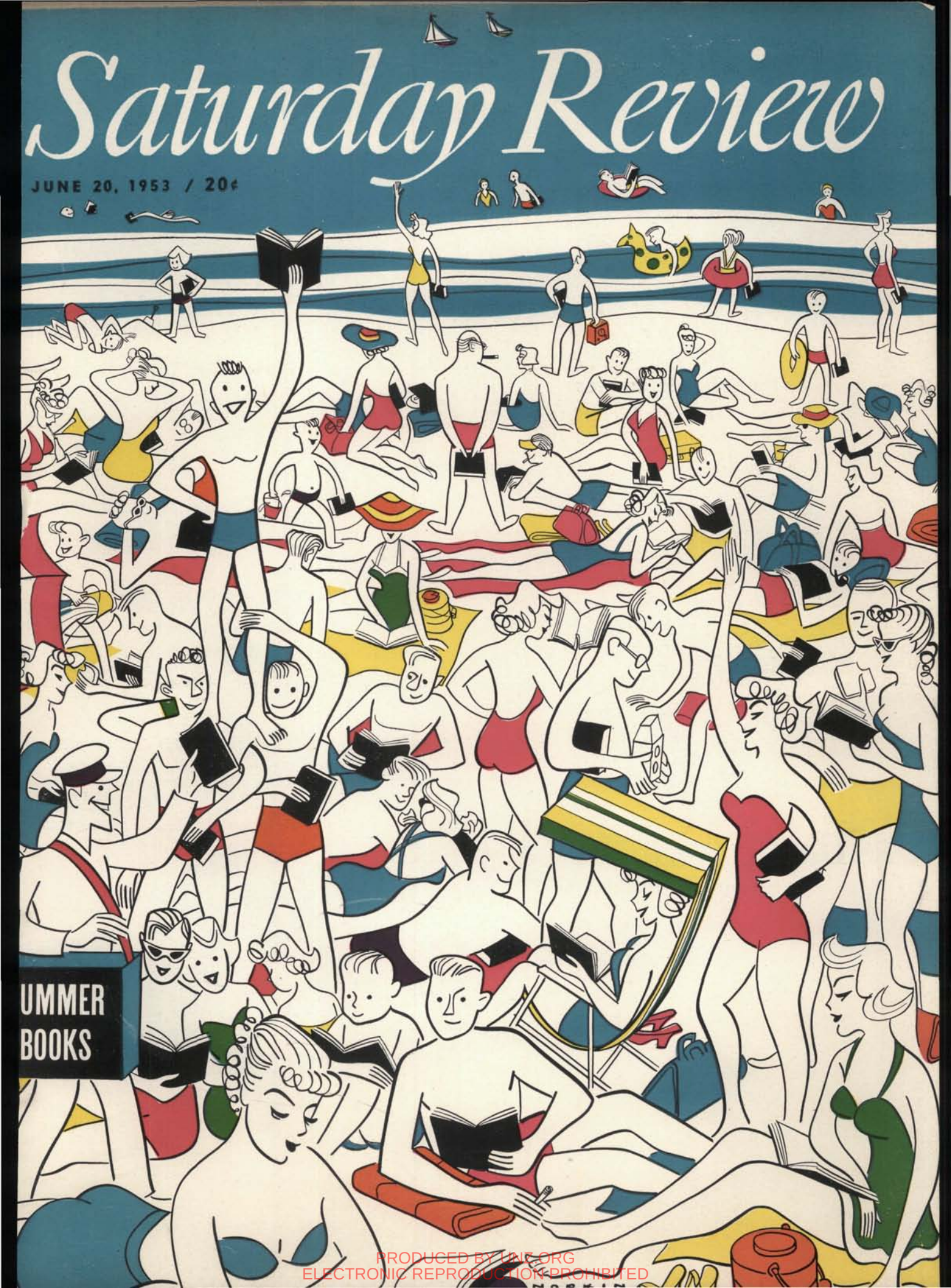
Saturday Review

JUNE 20, 1953 / 20¢



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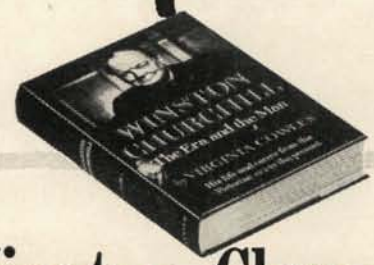

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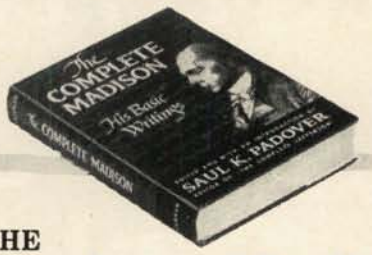

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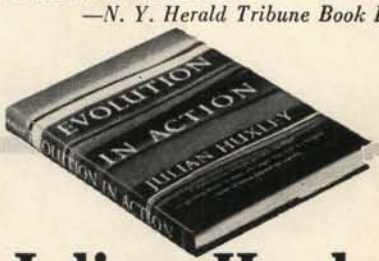

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Good News

▶ German Protestantism has told the East German Communists that they will not last even as long as Hitler. This defiant message appeared in the official bulletin box of the Marienkirche in Berlin's Russian sector, signed by Dean Heinrich Gruber, representative of the Protestant Church to the East German Government: "Perhaps even greater sacrifices will be demanded of pastors and congregations than in the first church fight (with the Nazis). We know that we shall win, and that this time it will not last twelve years."

▶ The U.N. World Health Organization reports a 50 per cent drop in the world death rate from tuberculosis since the end of World War II.

▶ Fifteen distinguished medical scientists under the sponsorship of the World Health Organization and the Unitarian Service Committee have recently returned from a two-months teaching mission to India. Everywhere they went they were besieged by medical men of India hungry for information on modern techniques. They gave lectures, led discussions, performed operations, conducted seminars, day and night. Said Chief Minister of Madras, Rajagopalachari, "We have never seen men of your eminence actually working with the local people as if you had been employed by us to work here. Aside from the scientific work, the very human side our people saw has thrilled them . . . . no team of foreign visitors has done such good work as you have done." Said the fifteen doctors, "They treated us like gods."

▶ There is good news for children, for overanxious parents too, in a dispatch from Yellow Springs, Ohio. It seems that *some* day-dreaming in children is not terribly bad after all, and not the sure sign of neurosis it has been adjudged. "If we have a day-dreaming child, we tend to worry about him," Dr. Boyd McCandless, director of the Child Welfare Research Station at the University of Ohio, told members of the Society for Research in Child Development. "Fantasy is frowned on in America, and yet it has tremendous uses. If you can day-dream about a thing, you don't have to do something about it today. Fantasy acts as a cushion." All of which, as a matter of fact, we knew all along. We all have done enough day-dreaming in childhood to know that either we all were a bit crazy or the psychiatrists were off the track.

—DONALD HARRINGTON.

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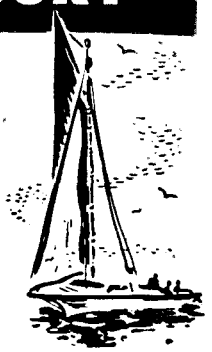
Edited by Tom Davin
Introduction by Boris-Lauer Leonardi, Editor of *The Rudder Magazine*



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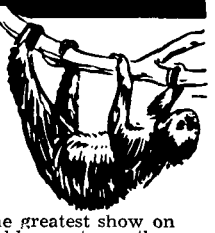

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The Saturday Review

JUNE 20, 1953

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TRADE Winds

IT TAKES PLENTY OF NERVE to launch a new publishing house in days like these, and TRADE WINDS doffs its chapeau to Barney Rosset and his associates for the truly impressive job they've done with their year-old Grove Press. Obviously, they're after off-beat books that larger competitors have overlooked and, with a comparatively negligible overhead, can make do with a sale of as little as two thou-

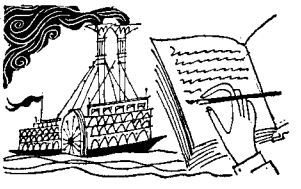
sand copies. A wise-cracker has dubbed them "a poor man's Creative Age Press," but their horizon seems much wider than that. Send for their fall list at 795 Broadway, New York 3. Or, better still, drop in personally. You might be lucky enough to get a look at sales manager Loly Eckert, the prettiest fräulein out of Dusseldorf since Marlene Dietrich. Grove's promotion is in the capable hands of Johnny Gruen, trained by Lil Friedman at Brentano's . . . .

Another interesting publishing experiment is being conducted by Ken Giniger. His Hawthorn Books is really a subsidiary of Prentice-Hall, but is being run independently as a one-man show. Ken's first list is short but sweet—five books, all with very big sales potentialities. Best bets: "Reflections on Life" by Alexis Carrel, a translation of the posthumous French success by the author of "Man the Unknown," and "The American Legion Reader," edited by Victor Lasky. Lasky has a tremendous fund of material from which to draw, and the *Legion Magazine*, whose circulation now nudges the three-million mark, will give plenty of help in putting the volume over. Another interesting Hawthorn possibility is Dr. Henry Safford's "The Intimate Problems of Women." Giniger says the manuscript made him drop to his knees and intone, "Thank you, oh Lord, for not having made me a woman!"

PUBLISHERS AND BROADWAY PRODUCERS who sometimes experience great difficulty in attracting fresh capital might borrow a leaf from an indigent wildcatter in the East Texas oil fields. This wily galoot advertised for 1,000 investors with $100 each, guaranteeing unconditionally that each would get his money back in ten years, plus sharing the profits in any wells that came in. In jig time he received $100,000 in checks—and a summons for investigation by the postal authorities. The latter found no cause for complaint. On receipt of the money the oil man promptly sent each of his investors a $100 savings bond which would mature in ten years. Since the bonds cost him only $75,000, he had $25,000 in cash left to finance his operations. . . . Hollywood is under such a 3-D-luge these days that a famous director inserted another ad worthy of note in the classified columns. It read, "Job wanted. Salary no object. Have lens. Will travel."

EX-PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN plans to call his book of memoirs, scheduled by Doubleday for 1955 publication, "From Precinct Worker to President." . . . Four instalments of Alexander Orlov's "The Secret History of Stalin's Crimes" created a sensation when they were published in *Life* magazine. Random House will have the whole uncensored story ready for October unveiling. . . . It will take some doing to boil down the late Harold Ickes's diaries into a one-volume S. and S. presentation. There's enough material for a fifty-foot shelf! . . . "Painting in Britain" is the first in Penguin's contemplated forty-eight volume "History of Art," and an exciting augury of things to come. There are 192 illustrations, and an authoritative text by E. K. Waterhouse. Pre-pub price: $8.50. . . .

Patrick Pringle's "Jolly Roger" (Norton) puts an awful crimp in the reputations of such freebooters as Blackbeard, Captain Kidd, and Sir Henry Morgan, but provides fascinating reading, nonetheless. Make fair victims walk the plank? Perish the thought, says Mr. Pringle. The old boys who flew the Jolly Roger were too smart for shenanigans like that.



They were just calculating businessmen at heart, and didn't believe in watering their stock. . . . And if you're interested in boats sailed by more law-abiding skippers, I recommend Ralph Hill's rollicking "Sidewheeler Saga" (Rinehart). Mr. Hill's Shelburne Steamship Company, incidentally, operates the last sidewheeler in the country—the *Ticonderoga*, on Lake Champlain. . . . Elsa Maxwell's ghost writer, Voldemar Vetluguin, died in the middle of her "autobiography." . . . Frank Yerby's next for Dial will be called "The Devil's Laughter." It's due the end of August. . . . The fiction market, long in the doldrums, is looking up. It's rare that two such distinguished novels as Rosamond Lehmann's "The Echoing Grove" and Rumer Godden's "Kingfishers Catch Fire" are published within a few weeks of each other.

ROBERT DIKE BLAIR, of the Vermont Book Shop, contributed the following, so he'll have to take the consequences. In a New England hospital, says Robert, doctors who were studying animal digestive processes succeeded in removing some of the abdominal skin from a fox terrier and substituting a transparent plastic panel so that the inner workings could be observed. It didn't seem to hurt the dog a bit—but now all the nurses go round humming, "How *much* is that window in the doggie?" . . . As if that wasn't enough, the very same mail brought a communiqué from Percival Wilde

which read, "Why hasn't somebody labeled the whole Coronation business 'Orgy and Bess'?" . . . And all the way from Norway, Jack Weatherly writes, "There's an author over here who does a bit of caddying on the side. I think he steals my balls, too. I have only one left—and I wouldn't putt it past him." Mr. Weatherly proves the truth of an old saw: the pun is mightier than the fjord. . . . Speaking of golf, I loved Bob Hope's story of the cable received from Moscow by our State Department reading, "Malenkov broke eighty today." "Good heavens," gasped the attaché who opened it in Washington, "this means war!"

IF YOU'RE INTENT on sopping up a little extra culture at a college summer session, and don't want to wilt from heat in the process, I call your attention to the job being done by the University of Minnesota, Duluth Branch. Du-

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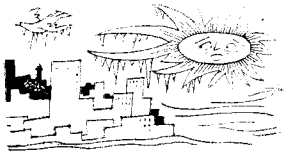
luth is the city so cooled by breezes wafted across Lake Superior that Mark Twain once remarked, "The coldest winter I ever spent was a summer in Duluth." A wag of more



recent vintage divided the Duluth year into "nine months of winter and three of darn hard sledding." When the co-eds at UMD wear sweaters, it's at least partly to keep warm.

UMD is one of two university campuses up Minnesota way (Gustavus Adolphus is the other) that won my heart and deep interest by the devotion and boundless energy of both faculty and student body. Provost John King, far from his native haunts in Texas, has things moving so fast that the graduating class of '53 won't even recognize the campus in '60. But, despite the modern equipment, the wildlife still moseying about the place includes bear, deer, pheasants, and partridge. One of the most interesting spots was once a Federal fish hatchery. Now it's been transformed into an artists' workshop. Burchfield, Kuniyoshi, and Max Weber taught there in other years. This summer Arnold Blanch, a native Minnesotan, will do the honors. If an art student wishes, he can set his easel by the lake front, paint with his right hand, and haul in trout with his left.

Got to stop before I start sounding like the Duluth Chamber of Commerce!

From the daily news organs of another seat of learning—one in Southern Illinois—Colonel Duffy has unearthed these poignant lines: "She's learned to love; she's learned to hate; she's learned a jeep can carry eight. She's learned to coax; she's learned to tease. She's learned four ways for toasting cheese. She's learned to neck—and break a date, and now, next week, she'll GRADUATE."

—Bennett Cerf.

Solution of last week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1003)

MARCH COST:
THE HOUR AWAITS

Anna was supposed to be fond of the family, but she was nothing of the sort. She lived for the day they left, when the cleaning could be begun, continued, completed, and the house reduced to the order that made it hers.

MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS says:
"A truly magnificent and moving book. For all its intensely spiritual quality it is as exciting as any thriller."

He could not resist using the girl, Locha, as one last diabolic weapon against the young priest

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The action begins the day Father Keogh comes to the village and Malo realizes that here is an opponent who matches him in power and courage.

Malo uses every brutal and cunning device to discredit the priest and drive him out. Father Keogh fights back with wit, faith, and some canny psychology. Then Malo brings in the girl . . .

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Something to look forward to–

JULY 1

by Bruce Marshall — The Fair Bride

In this provocative novel a young Spanish priest, horrified by the cruelty he sees during the Spanish Civil War, is tortured by conflicting loyalties. **BRUCE MARSHALL,** author of *The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith,* and *The White Rabbit,* tells compassionately of chaos in the world and in the soul. $3.00

JULY 27

by Janice Holt Giles — The Kentuckians

This is the story of the men and women who drove their pack horses through Cumberland Gap and carved their farms from the primeval forest. Their eagerness, their anxieties, their love of the new land are conveyed in a fresh poetic prose by the author of *Forty Acres and No Mule,* and *Miss Willie,* **JANICE HOLT GILES.** $3.00

AUGUST 17

by Ann Petry — The Narrows

Two people in a small New England town are inescapably drawn to each other before they realize they are of different races. Their love affair evokes a terrible and unreasoning fury, powerfully and intelligently dramatized by the author of *The Street,* **ANN PETRY.** $3.95

AUGUST 18

by David Walker — Digby

A respectable American businessman runs away from it all and finds himself confronted by a wild and beautiful red-haired Highland Chieftain (female), a crumbling castle, and an incensed rival. Through the 100-proof Scotch mist drifts a mad and delightful collection of characters created by **DAVID WALKER,** author of *Geordie.* $3.00

AUGUST 24

by Ben Ames Williams — The Unconquered

Here is a brilliant picture of the South in search of a way to live with defeat, and the North in its awkward acceptance of victory. Here, also, is a story of love and marriage between one of the conquerors and one of the unconquered, by the author of *House Divided,* **BEN AMES WILLIAMS.** $5.00

Something to look into–

JUST OUT

by Frank Rounds, Jr. — A Window on Red Square

The personal account of the personal encounters of a young American, **FRANK ROUNDS, JR.,** in the streets of Moscow. $3.00

BEST SELLER

by George R. Stewart — U.S. 40

From the Boardwalk to the Golden Gate — the portrait of a highroad by the author of *Storm* and *Fire,* **GEORGE R. STEWART,** and including an illuminating series of photographs. $5.00

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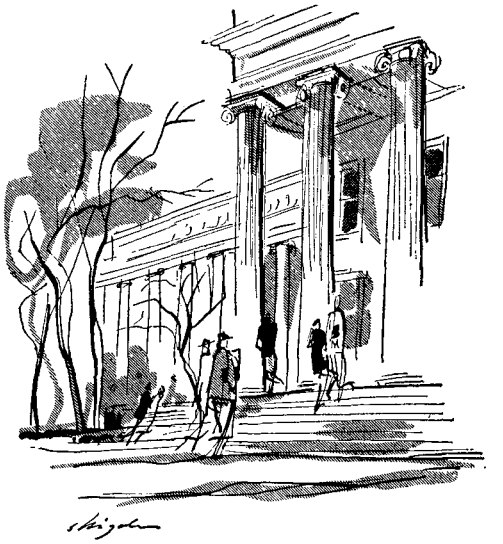
The Saturday Review | JUNE 20, 1953

THE COMMON MAN ON THE CAMPUS



By JOHN W. DODDS

This is the fourth in SR*'s series of articles on American cultural experience. John Wendell Dodds is professor of English at Stanford University, director of the special programs in humanities there, and the author of critical studies of Southerne and Thackeray.*

WHAT is or should be the relation of the American university to the cultural scene today? (And—for convenience—I include in the word "university" the whole panorama of higher education.) That it has a responsibility would seem to be beyond argument.

For many years professional mourners have been wailing—with a good deal of reason—about "the decline of the humanities." The kind of world we have created and the values by which it continues to try to exist have not been kind to the gentler spirit of man. Merely to survive, at whatever level, would seem to take all the energy and imagination of which we are capable. It is a strange comment on our civilization that the really life-giving forces which stand for the dignity of man, the beauty of human life, and the richness of the human spirit should have to be defended as if they were something peripheral to the really important business of the modern world—a sort of hole-and-corner activity suitable enough as a social adornment, a graceful adjunct to getting on, an acceptable employment for those hours of leisure when everyone, with his social security pension in his pocket, will curl up in the chimney corner with a good book. Because that is so clearly *not* what the humanities mean it is a pleasure to come to their defense, believing that what we lightly call civilization has reached a kind of cross-road and is in danger of being swamped by its own gigantic stupidities. We need to be reminded that spiritual toughness and resiliency are just as important, if not more important, than mechanical achievement. The humanities, far from being an escape from life, can be a stay to us in the crises of life.

Too often, however, the universities have become a repository for the humanities rather than their interpreter in the broad stream of American culture. Part of this failure stems from the fact that scientific man is the popular hero today. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," Tennyson put it; the wistful professor of the arts and literatures watches the linear accelerators and the cyclotrons grow in multiple-million-dollar grandeur at the heart of the campus while the library and the art gallery struggle along on emaciating diets. To the extent that mechanical efficiency and production are the integrating factors of our civilization, the universities merely reflect the chief concerns of society. Electronics is God.

It is true that the real education of our time proceeds for the most part outside academic halls. Much of it takes place for the youngster before he starts to school. And later, for many, the mass media take over. It is perhaps too much to ask the ablest professor to accomplish what parents have been unable to do, and to regenerate the human spirit in a short series of fifty-minute sessions. One suspects that many of the concepts of what constitutes *real* happiness in life, or what constitutes real success, for example, have been pretty much formed by the time the freshman matriculates.

YET beyond this the practitioners of the humanities must themselves accept some responsibility for the unwillingness to accept what they purvey. Too frequently they fail to make viable for their students the great cultural heritage of which they are the custodians. Young people need desperately to

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discover the enduring greatness inherent in the human record and to learn from that record sympathy and understanding and a knowledge of the great compelling forces that have distinguished and dignified mankind. Too many professors are content merely to botanize upon the grave of the humanities. Without decision themselves, they reflect endlessly, but never get beyond the stage of intellectual shadow-boxing. To deal with life and yet to render it sterile is the unforgivable academic crime. Somehow the great ideas must be made to come alive for the student in his contemporary context.

To that extent, then, the humanistic studies have declined and have failed to affect the stream of modern life; the causes are complex, partly within and partly without the university. A recurrent nightmare for any professor is one in which he finds himself asking a former student what he has read since graduation. And that which the professor fears to ask is now being dragged into the light by such people as Dr. George Gallup and his associates, with terrifying results.

UNDOUBTEDLY the true function of the university is to stimulate to excellence, to encourage in the Age of the Common Man the Uncommon Man to whom Mr. Krutch referred in an earlier essay. Its first job, therefore, is to do well that for which it was created. Has it any responsibility beyond this to a larger public, any obligation to shape and improve American taste at different levels outside the area of its immediate clientele? Is it a social force in the large? And is it even understood by the public upon which it depends, in the long run, for support?

Recent events would seem to show that the function of the university, beyond its capacity to train people in the professions or to give them a set of trade-techniques, is dimly comprehended by the public at large. This has been clearly evident in the controversies about loyalty oaths for university faculties: the very bases of intellectual freedom, without which the university loses its essential character, have seemed to the man in the street just a set of long-haired shibboleths. No wonder that unscrupulous politicians have been quick to capitalize on this ignorance for their own ends. Much of the fault lies with the universities themselves. Either they have taken for granted that the necessity for their freedoms has been self-evident, or somewhat arrogantly declined to descend from their mountain and explain it to the hoi polloi. And then they wonder why they get a bad press!

From the larger cultural point of view what responsibility does the university have to the public, particularly as concerns a possible influence on the mass media? Here the history of the university as it was faced by radio is instructive. In a few instances intelligent and careful university planning produced programs of real quality, which have continued to live because they deserved to. More frequently, however, the university, ignorant of the terrific weapon which, for good or bad, lay at hand, took a haughty attitude toward a medium which clearly was not at the moment being used chiefly for the public enlightenment. Occasionally the radio stations, with the Federal Communications Commission breathing down their necks, would offer educational time. And occasionally the university would deign to put its professors on the air—usually in a series of half-hour lectures originally designed for the captive audience in the classroom. No one should have been surprised that radio sets clicked off all over the land, or that the stations later withdrew the time and offered it to hillbilly bands.

THE case of television is somewhat different. Because it is so new to the educational world it is still pretty much an unknown quantity. Even the most conservative of educators has recognized the terrific impact of television and has caught a glimpse of its potential uses. Witness the scramble for unallocated educational channels. Here too one wonders if all the implications have been faced: financial, technical, programmatic. Yet even apart from the new channels, the commercial companies (still FCC conscious) are eager to offer a modest portion of their facilities for educational purposes. The danger now is not that the universities will scorn such offers, but rather that they will rush in to muddy the air-waves with inferior programs, and thus destroy their amazing opportunity to reach the public which so much needs to understand them. For television is not radio, nor is it the classroom lectern. Its proper educational use will require time and careful preparation—in university budgetary terms: money. Properly utilized, its potential is incalculable; unimaginatively used, it will be just another proof that universities should stay on the campus.

While concentrating on its main job, the university does have a secondary but by no means minor responsibility to raise the cultural level of the society which feeds it—or at the very least to be sensitively concerned that the level of the "common" man should be lifted to the extent of his capacities. No university can be culturally healthy in a culturally sick society. Yet the primary task of the university is still the training in wisdom (which means more than knowledge) of those who are told, every Commencement, that they are to be leaders. To the extent that the universities have defaulted and are turning out technicians in a variety of intellectual skills—men who lack the human understanding which will give them a wisdom of choice and a basis for constructive action commensurate with their technical ability—to that extent higher education is merely compounding the confusion of our times, and giving it weapons with which to destroy itself. Culture, in its deepest sense, is moral as well as intellectual and esthetic. In its broader significance it may well mark the difference between extinction and survival.

Ilex

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

GLOSSY, acute, the habit stiff and brief,
Ilex, the name, came first: no one could make
A word which duplicates the holly's leaf
With such exactness just for holly's sake.

The word was earlier finished, sooner born,
The leaf came second, tracing curt and sure
The sharp-cut lines, the corners bound with thorn,
The indentations of the signature.

Hung with its name abundantly, precise
To the archaic plan for such a tree,
The shining bush displays its own device,
The decoration of identity.

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The Sponge of the Present

BY ELIZABETH BOWEN

IN studying the development of an artist, the factor of influences upon him must, I imagine, always be taken into account. Analysis of influence, its general force and its particular workings, devolves in the main on the critic and art-historian: this field is held to require specialized knowledge and an esthetic discernment possessed by few. By the rest of us painting, sculpture, music, architecture may be enjoyed without being historically comprehended: we react, that is to say, to the masterpiece without thought as to what may have been its complex origin. Where it is a matter of color, form used plastically, or pure sound, we are inclined to leave the genesis of the work of art to the trained mind. But where the medium is language, all is different—words are the general property; they link with *our* experience, so the creative use of them comes within our critical scope. The writer is less at a distance than other artists; one does not require to be a specialist to study him. His technique, the processes of his formation, lie open to any reader who cares enough—in this case, where influence is at work it almost always can be suspected, if not detected. The writer is amongst us; in number writers multiply every day; in our epoch writing, of all the arts, evokes most social interest and most human concern. With regard, then, to writers let us consider influence.

One may classify influences, one may trace them, one may discuss whether, in a particular instance, such-and-such an influence has acted favorably. What one cannot, with any profit, do is attempt to answer that frequent question—whether it is a "good" thing to be influenced, or not? Influence, in one sense if not another, is inevitable. The question as to whether it should or should not be avoided therefore falls to the ground —yet does, not only because it is asked often but because it is asked seriously, deserve respect. The idea of "good," in this context, probably has an ethical no less than esthetic background—there is a latent notion that the writer subjecting himself to influence (from, presumably, another literary source) is in some way practising a dishonesty, advancing through using a borrowed power, or endangering what should be most sacred, in being most original, in his own talent. This objection to influence may be due to confusion—that is, failure to distinguish—between influence and out-and-out imitation: the latter *is* a malpractice; it is also calculated and voluntary. It might, indeed, not be too much to say that the distinction between influence and imitation demarcates, equally, the imaginatively-creative from the merely cerebrally-inventive writer. Where writing is a matter of invention, and nothing more, there may well be a temptation to copy the successful inventions of other people. Imagination, though by its nature susceptible and affectable, tends all the time to the *new*; it is bored by the second-hand.

SUSCEPTIBILITY, it should be understood, plays a great part in the makeup of the creative writer. He is susceptible to environment, to experience, and, in the same way and not less, to styles and energies in already-existing art. From all three sources he is attracting influences; all of which will leave their mark on his work. It is the third, the esthetic-literary, which is most easily recognised by the reader; and for which the writer is most often called to account, and indeed reproached. Style—the actual choice and rhythm of words—most often carries an influence, and most clearly shows it. But with style, vision and outlook are interknit: did not Flaubert call style "a manner of seeing"? As we all know, a strongly-directed film or a striking collection of pictures by one artist can so invade the receptive eye that, coming out of the cinema or the gallery, one continues for hours after to see life in terms of So-and-So's film or So-and-So's painting. A creative manner of seeing is infectious—small wonder that writers at the tentative stage find it hard to shake off the magic effect of a master's vision. And this may be true not only of visual but of moral angle. In fiction one senses the power, these days, of affective novelists such as Henry James, Faulkner, and Mauriac (unalike to each other as these may be).

The literary influence on a writer is, of all three, likely to be the most transient, ending with the period of apprenticeship—indeed, being a form of apprenticeship in itself. Throughout his oscillations from style to style, his experiments in manner after manner, the writer is making his own growth. He will shell off, one by one—he may even react against—the influences which have up to a point fostered him. At the same time, he will have absorbed something; and he will continue to owe something to his place a link in art's continuity. As he reaches maturity, and himself tends to become influence, he in his turn will be transmitting something—there is an honorable, nay, necessary artistic heredity. As to literary influence, we may leave it that only uncertain talent stifles during this phase: the stamp of inherent originality is that sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, it must emerge.

THE influence of environment is the most lasting; and, except in the case of "regional" writers, operates deepest down. Sometimes the force of environment may be felt by a writer's conscious, sharp reaction against it. Admittedly, it is the atmosphere of the scenes of youth which is most often decisive—though it has happened that, some way on into life, a writer has stumbled upon a place, perhaps an entire country, which he in some way recognizes, which seems to claim him, and which offers a hitherto lacking inspiration to his art. In that case, there is a sort of psychological adoption: a new phase of freshness of feeling, equivalent to a second childhood, sets in. But the majority are haunted by the shadowy, half-remembered landscape of early days: impressions and feelings formed there and then underly language, dictate choices of imagery. In writing, what is poetically spontaneous, what

(*Continued on page* 43)

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The Critics Separate Wheat from Chaff

SINCE summer traditionally is the time of year to curl up in the hammock with a good story, it is pleasant to report that, after several seasons of lustreless fiction, there are some uncommonly fine new novels in the bookstalls these days. That, at any rate, is the opinion of the twenty-seven literary editors participating in *SR*'s latest poll. Seven of the ten titles they recommended most frequently for reading this summer are fiction. But there is also a gratifying quantity and variety of the books customarily described in the trade as "general." Of the 130 titles named by the editors, eighty-two fall into that category.

The ten works most frequently recommended are:

"North from Malaya," by William O. Douglas, fifteen votes.
"Kingfishers Catch Fire," by Rumer Godden, ten votes.
"Letters of Sherwood Anderson," edited by Howard Mumford Jones, ten votes.
"Too Late the Phalarope," by Alan Paton, seven votes.
"You Shall Know Them," by Vercors, seven votes.
"The Dark Angel," by Mika Waltari, six votes.
"Go Tell It on the Mountain," by James Baldwin, six votes.
"The Man Without Qualities," by Robert Musil, six votes.
"The Unconquered," by Ben Ames Williams, six votes.
"Where Main Street Meets the River," by Hodding Carter, six votes.

This is the fifth summer *SR* has asked the literary editors of the nation's leading newspapers to name the titles of ten books—fiction or general, it mattered not which—that they believed merited the attention of discriminating readers during the coming months.

In the hope that you will find the critics' recommendations useful as a guide to your summer reading, we publish the complete list below. The descriptions after the titles are the work of Whitney Balliett, who compiles *SR*'s JUST PUBLISHED list each week. The names in brackets are those of the critics making the nominations. —RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

General

FIFTEEN VOTES

NORTH FROM MALAYA: *Adventures on Five Fronts. By William O. Douglas. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
Mr. Justice Douglas has written another clear-headed book on his travels in the East—this time on the precarious conditions in Malaya, Indonesia, the Philippines, Burma, and Indo-China. (Babcock, Bond, Cross, Douglas, Hass, Hormel, Jackson, North, Parton, O'Neill, Rogers, Shockley, Snadjr, Tinkle, Wyllie.)

ELEVEN VOTES

LETTERS OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON. *Edited by Howard Mumford Jones. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $6.
A wide selection from the voluminous correspondence of the Midwestern novelist and short-story writer. (Babcock, Cross, Dolbier, Jackson, North, Rogers, Sherman, Smith, Washburn, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

SIX VOTES

WHERE MAIN STREET MEETS THE RIVER. *By Hodding Carter. New York: Rinehart & Co.* $4.
An autobiography and personal testament by the editor of the Greenville, Miss., *Delta Democrat Times* who has become known as a liberal spokesman of the New South. (Douglas, Flowers, Haas, Herzberg, Hormel, Tinkle.)

FIVE VOTES

THE GREAT MAN. *By Howard Swiggett. New York: Doublelay & Co.* $5.
A biography of George Washington, in which the author, using a wealth of primary sources, focuses on the war years—the battles, the relations with the French, the behind-the-scenes struggles for power, and the General's brief retirement after Yorktown. (Cross, Hass, Herzberg, Little, Tinkle.)

PEOPLE, PLACES AND BOOKS. *By Gilbert Highet. New York: Oxford University Press.* $3.50.
A collection of papers on literary subjects originally delivered over the radio. (Bond, Douglas, Hormel, Little, Parton.)

RUSSIA: WHAT NEXT? *By Isaac Deutscher. New York: Oxford University Press.* $3.
Speculation on what will come to pass in the Land of Muscovy now that Stalin is gone, by the author of the best biography yet done on Stalin. (Dolbier, Jackson, Little, Sherman, Tinkle.)

FOUR VOTES

THE BRONTË STORY. *By Margaret Lane. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $5.
A group portrait of the Brontë family, with special emphasis on Charlotte, and the early days at Haworth Parsonage. (Hass, Herzberg, North, Smith.)

THE CAPTIVE MIND. *By Czeslaw Milosz. Translated by Jane Zielonko. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A discussion of the moral and intellectual condition of the men and women who live behind the Iron Curtain by a Polish poet now resident in Paris. (Herzberg, Jackson, Kogan, Tinkle.)

THE MAJOR CAMPAIGN SPEECHES OF ADLAI STEVENSON. *New York: Random House.* $3.50.
The cream of Citizen Adlai's speeches collected between hard covers, and given a long introduction by their author. (Derrickson, Hass Parton, Shockley.)

THE ROMMEL PAPERS. *Edited by B. H. Liddell-Hart. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $6.
A selection of the diaries and letters left behind by the German general which throw light on his views on warfare and politics. (Bond, Little, O'Neill, Shockley.)

THREE VOTES

HENRY JAMES: *The Untried Years. By Leon Edel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* $5.
The first volume of an extended study of the novelist based on more than two decades of research. This carries James through his youth up to the age of twenty-seven. (Hormel, O'Neill, Yeiser.)

LOST TRAILS, LOST CITIES: *The Explorer's Narrative of Col. P. H. Fawcett. Edited by Brian Fawcett. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.* $5.
An account of the South American expeditions of an explorer who disappeared in the jungles of the upper Amazon, prepared for book publication by his son. (Cady, Parton, Smith.)

OUR VIRGIN ISLAND. *By Robb White. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $3.50.
The first six months of the married life of Robb and Rodie White, who took their six hundred dollars capital to one of the Virgin Islands and built a paradise all their own. (Babcock, Rogers, Tinkle.)

STUDY IN POWER. *By Allan Nevins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Two vols.* $10.
A major historian has written a major study of the life of John D. Rockefeller, paying special attention to the effects which Rockefeller's various businesses have had, and continue to have, on the nation's and the entire world's economy and culture. (Bond, O'Neill, Shockley.)

WINSTON CHURCHILL: *The Man and the Era. By Virginia Cowles. New York: Harper & Bros.* $5.
The most recent and probably the best biography of the British Prime Minister. (Bond, Douglas, Shockley.)

TWO VOTES

AMERICA REBELS. *By Richard M. Dorson. New York: Pantheon Books.* $5.
A gathering of first-person accounts from diaries and journals to tell the story of the Revolution from Lexington to Yorktown. (Cady, Snadjr.)

THE CONSERVATIVE MIND. *By Russell Kirk. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co.* $6.50.
A long essay that traces the thinking of the great conservatives from 1790 to the present, and argues that it is tradition, not rebellion, that has kept the world afloat and all of a piece. Burke, Coleridge, Macaulay, Tocqueville, Babbit, and More are a few of the thinkers Mr. Kirk has used to buttress his thesis. (Hass, Tinkle.)

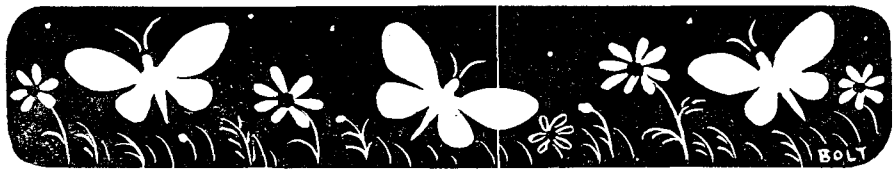
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. *By Allan A. Michie. New York: William Sloane Assoc.* $5.
An analysis of the British monarchy as a symbol and an institution, with particular attention to it during the times of George VI and Elizabeth II. (Douglas, Hormel.)

HOLMES-LASKI LETTERS: *The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Harold J. Laski. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. Two vols.* $12.50.
The record of a memorable friendship between a venerable and sage American jurist and a young and bright British teacher. (Derrickson, Sherman.)

JOLLY ROGER. *By Patrick Pringle. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.* $3.95.
One hundred fifty years of piracy, from Sir Francis Drake, "Father of Modern Piracy," to the buccaneers like Morgan, Kidd, and Blackbeard. (Sherman, Snadjr.)

THE KREMLIN VS. THE PEOPLE. *By Robert Magidoff. New York: Doubleday & Co.* 288 *pp.* $3.50.
A study of the tensions inside Russia, with emphasis on Stalin's (and now Malenkov's) struggles against the peasantry, nationalism, and labor. (Cross, Tinkle.)

THE LEGENDARY MIZNERS. *By Alva Johnston. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young.* $3.75.
An expansion of *The New Yorker* profile of



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two fabulous brothers, one a versatile promoter, the other a fashionable architect. (Herzberg, Washburn.)

LIFE AMONG THE SAVAGES. *By Shirley Jackson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young.* $3.
Life in a big New England house with two children and a husband. (Babcock, Kogan.)

AN OUTLINE OF FRENCH HISTORY. *By René Sedillot. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
A short, complete history of France for students and laymen, by a French journalist and lecturer. (Sherman, Yeiser.)

TOLSTOY: *A Life of My Father. By Alexandra Tolstoy. New York: Harper & Bros.* $5.
The great Russian as writer, social prophet, and religious thinker in a full-length study by his daughter. To be published in August. (North, Wyllie.)

WITH A QUIET HEART. *By Eva Le Gallienne. New York: Viking Press.* $4.50.
The great actress picks up where she left off in "At 33," and tells us of the now defunct Civic Repertory Theatre, her continuous struggles for a better theatre, and new associations with such luminaries as Margaret Webster and Cheryl Crawford. (Cady, Hormel.)

THE WORLD REVISITED. *By Stephen Longstreet. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* $3.75.
Mixing business and pleasure, a filmwriter and novelist zooms around the world, accompanied by a Miss Tone, who sees everything as one mass of devastation compared with the good old days of musketry. (Little, Sherman.)

ONE VOTE

ALBERT AND VICTORIA. *By [illegible] Bernard. Translated by Ralph Murphy. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $4.75.
The long and happy marriage of the British Queen and her consort. To be published June 25. (Snadjr.)

ARNOLD BENNETT. *By Reginald Pound. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $5.75.
Drawing mainly on unpublished correspondence, a noted English critic reconstructs the life and works of the novelist, with the literary period of 1900 to 1930 as a backdrop. (Washburn.)

BLUE TROUT AND BLACK TRUFFLES: *The Peregrinations of an Epicure. By Joseph Wechsberg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf* $3.75.
A gastronomic and generally cultural tour around the best of Old and New Europe's eating places, written by a *New Yorker* reporter who can, at his best, make a sauce *Bernaise* melt in his reader's mouth. (Parton.)

CALL ME LUCKY. *By Bing Crosby as told to Pete Martin. New York: Simon & Schuster. Clothbound,* $3.95. *Paperbound,* $1.
The life story of the popular singer and entertainer. To be published June 29. (Flowers.)

CAVES OF ADVENTURE. *By Haroun Tazieff. New York: Harper & Bros.* $3.
An account of recent explorations of a series of caves under the French-Spanish border. To be published in July. (Flowers.)

THE COLDITZ STORY. *By P. R. Reid. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.95.
Colditz, near Salzburg, was a tough prison fortress to which the Germans relegated escape-minded Allied PW's. The book chronicles the attempts—sometimes successful—of the inmates to escape. (Derrickson.)

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF W. B. YEATS. *New York: The Macmillan Co.* $5.
The first complete collection of the plays of the incomparable Irish poet. (Wyllie.)

THE COMPLETE MADISON. *By Saul K. Padover. New York: Harper & Bros.* $4.
An anthology, with a long introduction viewing James Madison's life and thought, of his various writings on the Constitution, politics, (Federalist Papers), religion, social welfare, public opinion and the press, and government, together with an appendix of his axioms. (Shockley.)

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: *The Fourth Musketeer. By Ralph Hancock and Letitia Fairbanks. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* $3.50.
The life and times of one of the great stars of silent films. (Shockley.)

DUMBBELLS AND CARROT STRIPS. *By Mary Macfadden and Emile Gauvreau. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* $3.95.
Gossip and pathos meet in this behind-the-scenes view of the private life of physical culturist Bernard Macfadden by his former wife. (Washburn.)

EDITH WHARTON. *By Blake Nevius. Berkeley: University of California Press.* $3.75.
The first full-length critical study of the fiction of Edith Wharton. (Smith.)

THE END OF THE WORLD: *A Scientific Inquiry. By Kenneth Heuer. New York: Rinehart & Co.* $3.50.
After a brief history of the many end-of-the-world prophecies, a science writer goes on to measure the earth's life in scientific terms. Unless we blow it up, the sun explodes, or we collide with the moon, he feels we are good for another 50,000,000 years. (Herzberg.)

EXPLORATIONS IN SCIENCE. *By Waldemar Kaempffert. New York: The Viking Press.* $3.50.
A *New York Times* man pulls a series of articles from his grab bag on the various advances science has made since 1945 in fields such as atomic power, medicine, supersonic speed, weather control, astronautics, undersea salvage, and cryptography. (North.)

THE FLOWERS OF FRIENDSHIP: *Letters written to Gertrude Stein. Edited by Donald S. Gallup. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
A peek into Gertrude's mailbox. To be published in August. (Dolbier.)

HERESY, YES—CONSPIRACY, NO. *By Sidney Hook. New York: The John Day Co.* $3.75.
An attempt to find a formula by which na-

(*Continued on page 38*)

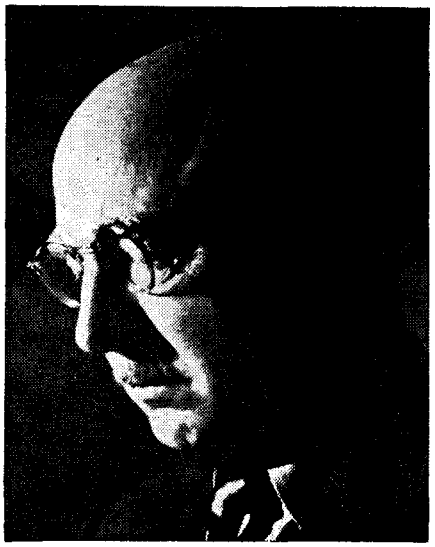
The Critics

THIS is the fifth summer *The Saturday Review* has asked the book editors of the nation's leading newspapers to name the new books they believe merit the attention of discriminating readers. The twenty-seven editors participating in this season's poll are listed below:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
HOWARD DERRICKSON, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *Providence Journal*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
OLIVE DEAN HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
STERLING NORTH, *North Book Review Service*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
MARGARET PARTON, *New York Herald Tribune*
W. G. ROGERS, Associated Press
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*
RAY SHOCKLEY, *Atlanta Journal*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNADJR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
BEATRICE WASHBURN, *Miami Herald*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

William O. Douglas—"clearheaded book on his travels in the East."

James Baldwin—"three generations of a Negro family."



Howard Mumford Jones—"wide selection from [a] voluminous correspondence."

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

The Unseen Casualties

Extract from a letter written by Sherwood Anderson to his son Robert, dated 1929:

My "Winesburg, Ohio," was condemned as a sex-server. How strange that notion seems now.

And then came the Great War. Never mind what the War was. It was terrific in its physical aspects—bodies mangled, the young manhood of England, Germany, and France blown away or bled white, a great nation like Germany humiliated in the end.

Never mind all that. That is past.

But something else got blown up in that war too: the repressions, the strange fear of sex, the resultant underestimate and overestimate of sex as a force on life got blown up too.

It may be that what happened in the Great War, because of it, was a truer estimate of life. The young men who went into it got, must have got, a profound sense of life's cheapness.

You, my son, did not get into the War. You were too young. You just escaped it. Just the same you are not at all the man you would have been but for the War.

Of course there came other forces at work—the flowering of the industrial age, speeded up, no doubt, by the War.

Thousand[s] of men, everywhere, jerked out of the old individualistic life—plenty of machinery to jerk them out fast, machinery to kill them in masses like cattle—hurled into a new mass life.

The old individualist—the man of the pre-War period, who was a young man then, who got his sharp impressions then (most of us continue all our lives to live in the impressions of youth; the men, the young men who got their sharp impressions of life in the War will probably continue to live in those impressions the rest of their lives)—the old individualist type of man—well, you see where he was.

Why talk of sex repressions now? Apparently there aren't any.

I remember, son, a certain woman who fought long and bitterly for woman's suffrage. The women got what they fought for.

But this particular woman couldn't quit fighting for woman suffrage. She kept right on. One day I was walking with a young woman, and we saw this older woman. As she knew me, she stopped. "What are you doing now?" I asked.

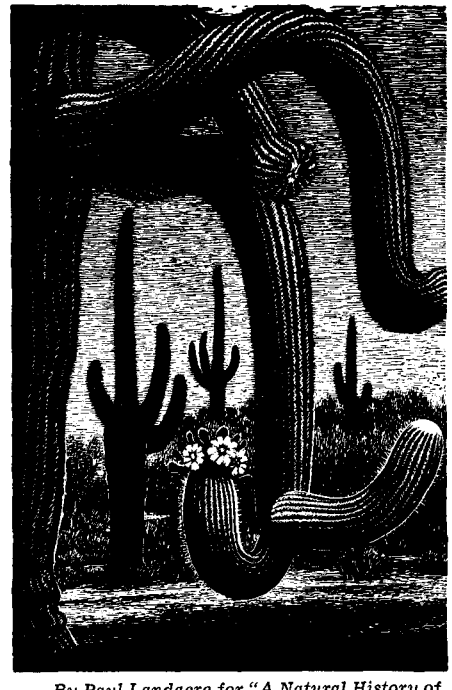
She began again on the rights of women. They had got some things but not enough. The words she was saying would have been glowing words twenty years ago. I shall never forget the puzzled look in the younger woman's eyes. She was a post-War kid. "Rights of women? What the devil is the old girl talking about?" she asked.

Well, you see where I am, son—or at least have been these last five years. I had a world, and it slipped away from me. The War blew up more than the bodies of men, as I have already suggested.

—From "Letters of Sherwood Anderson," edited by Howard Mumford Jones in association with Walter B. Rideout (Little, Brown).

The American Genius

IF we have learned anything from our history, it is the wisdom of allowing institutions to develop according to the needs of each particular environment, and the value of both environmentalism and traditionalism as principles of political life, as ways of saving ourselves from the imbecilities, the vagaries, and the cosmic enthusiasms of individual men. This is our idea of constitutional federalism, without which our great union would have been impossible.



—By Paul Landacre for "A Natural History of Western Trees" (Houghton Mifflin).

If what has held us together as a nation has been no explicit political theory held in common but rather a fact of life (what Whitman properly called "adhesiveness"), how can we expect to bind other nations by theories? We have felt both "individualism which isolates" and, as he says, "adhesiveness or love, that fuses, ties, and aggregates."

We have traditionally held out to the world, not our doctrine, but our example. The idea of America as the last best hope of mankind has not been the idea that America would outdo other ages and places with its philosophy. It was life, and not thought, which would excel here. This has perhaps taken some of the sting of arrogance out of our consciousness of destiny. For men are in the habit of claiming more personal credit for the quality of their thought than for the quality of their institutions. Even to the most obtuse, institutions seem the product of many forces. In the past we have wanted to be judged not by what we could *tell* the world but by what we could *show* the world. Moreover, we have considered ourselves not a factory of institutions but a laboratory, an experiment. By showing what man might do under our new circumstances, we might give men everywhere new hope for improving their lot *after their own fashion.*

It is our experience, not our dogma or our power, that may be the encouragement and the hope of the world. We can, John C. Calhoun wrote, "do more to extend liberty by our example over this country and the world generally, than would be done by a thousand victories."

To tell people what institutions they must have is the thorough denial of our American heritage. We must refuse to become crusaders for liberalism, in order to remain liberals. We must refuse to try to export our commodity. We must refuse to become crusaders for conservatism, in order to conserve the institutions and the

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genius which have made America great.

—From "The Genius of America: Politics," by Daniel J. Boorstin (Chicago).

The Killing Vacations

I DO not know why it is that vacations tire Negroes out."

"Neither do I," I said.

"But they do," said Simple. "Negroes go on a vacation and come back so tired they can't hardly get to work. In fact, sometimes they have to take an extra week off to recover from their vacation. Vacations rest up white folks, *but they almost kill Negroes.* Somebody ought to find out the reason for this."

"You probably have some theories on it," I said, "or you wouldn't have brought the subject up."

"My theory is that Negroes play too hard. They always play like they're never going to get a chance to play again. If they do not have but one week's vacation, they try to crowd seven weeks of fun, fading, and fast living into *seven days.*"

"Vacations for Negroes" I said, "are hard to come by. Sometimes you have never had one before in your life, so when you get it, naturally you run it into the ground. Sometimes you take your only savings to have some real fun on a vacation. Figuring you might not have another one for a long time, you do that one up brown. Negroes are not rich like millionaires who can take a spring vacation in the Carolinas, a summer vacation in Maine, an autumn vacation in Virginia, and a winter vacation in Florida. When you take three or four vacations a year, you get used to them. You don't have to make every minute count. But when you get a vacation only once in a coon's age, you try to enjoy yourself around the clock. Therefore, one has to rest when one returns. Don't you agree?"

"Must be," said Simple. "I know the last time I had a vacation, it took me a month to catch up on my rest when I got back home. I could not just lay down in bed for three or four hours and sleep quick like I usually do. I found myself going to bed with the chickens at eight-nine o'clock, and getting up twelve hours later still sleepy. This year I did not go on a vacation, so I feel twice as good as I did last year. I just stayed right in Harlem this summer and drank beer. If I had gone to Atlantic City or Idlewild or Asbury Park or Saratoga, I would have drunk licker. I would also have courted and sported. I would have tried my luck on all the different kinds of games from galloping dominoes to the wheel-of-fortune. And I would have been broke, busted, disgusted, and sleepy on my return. I am beginning to believe that the best vacation is right at home."

"That is because you have no self-control," I said.

"Ain't there some kind of saying about, 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do?' asked Simple. "Well, on a vacation, everybody is roaming. Me, too. And it sure do tire you out. So I am glad I did not go anywhere this year."

—From "Simple Takes A Wife," by Langston Hughes (Simon & Schuster).

—By George Price for "The Half-Open Road" (Doubleday).

Nature's Children

WHAT are all the knowings and feelings and animal awarenesses that are going on inside the secret being of a deer? There's no telling. Back in our childhood we think he's a Person; and then later our church and our science (which have a way of turning out to be remarkably in agreement on many a thing, for all the notion of a necessary dispute between them) let us hear about Instinct and about the difference between the merely practical intelligence of an *anima sensitiva* and the insightedly reasoning, reflective intellect of an *anima rationalis,* and we adjust our opinion; and then finally, in the long, long run, what do we decide? I can say what Mary and I have decided, knowing our woods neighbors so long: it's a good thing to keep remembering how little we know and always to be ready for surprises.

Birds are not people, of course. Or are they?

No one but an incorrigibly anthropomorphic sentimentalist, it's agreed, can suppose that the consciousness of a starling is just like the consciousness of a man, or that human ideas and concepts occur in it.

It is common to the idiom of many primitive peoples to call animals and birds by some such name as the "children of nature." That term has a good deal of scientific exactness as well as the charm of naïveté. For birds and animals are "people" in something of the way that little children are. A three-year-old is not a deliberative logician; and neither is a woodchuck. A youngster does not have a clear understanding that he is a self, nor accurately understand the causal relationship of things, nor have the gift of looking into the future and into the past and seeing himself caught up in a world of time. Nor does a fox or a crow have such endowments. They are things that come later, with the "top head" of human maturity. But foxes and crows and human youngsters have in common the spontaneities of living. They share the immediacies of glee, anger, love.

Animals are not people, no. Not if we mean the reflective and self-conscious people of maturity. But John Burroughs, who used to have his neighborhood across the Hudson from this one of Mary's and mine, put it well and fairly when he said that they are our childhood come back to us.

—From "Our Animal Neighbors," by Alan Devoe with Mary Berry Devoe (McGraw-Hill).

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Bitter Smiles of Wisdom

By Laurent LeSage

This spring thousands of Americans are chuckling over two French satirical novels: ***Vercors's "You Shall Know Them"*** *(translated by Rita Barisse. Little, Brown. 249 pp. $3.50) and* ***Jean Dutourd's "A Dog's Head"*** *(translated by Robin Chancellor. Simon & Schuster. 149 pp. $3). How do they fit in with the great satirical tradition? Professor LeSage of Penn State College essays an answer.*

CAN we expect our age to produce satire rivaling the masterpieces of the past? Its bitter conflicts and general unrest remind us of those epochs in European history that have proved most favorable to the flourishing of that sort of literature: the pre-Reformation and Reformation period in Germany, with Sebastian Brant and Johann Fischart; the Renaissance in France, with Rabelais; the eighteenth century in France with Voltaire and in England with Swift. The number of recent satirical works from France, gems of the wit, the critical analysis, and the polemical spirit for which the French have long been famous, raises the question particularly in regard to that country. If the great modern satire is to come, may it not come from France?

Two new translations introduce satirical authors good enough to make Marcel Aymé look to his laurels: "A Dog's Head," by Jean Dutourd, and "You Shall Know Them," by Vercors. Dutourd, although still quite young, is rapidly acquiring the reputation of a first-class satirist on the basis of a humorous guide to seduction ("Le petite Don Juan"), a comic novel about profiteers at the time of the Occupation ("Au bon Beurre"), and now his latest story, about poor Edmond who must go through life with the head of a spaniel on his shoulders.

Vercors is older and better known, his stories of the Resistance having been widely hailed as evidence of one of the notable postwar talents. Before the war he was a caricature artist. "You Shall Know Them" indicates a resurgence of the comic spirit that inspired his drawings. In subject it partakes of the murder story and science-fiction. A race of creatures has been discovered in New Guinea that would seem to supply the missing link between man and monkey. The hero has deliberately brought himself to trial for murder by killing the offspring he has had by one of them (artificial insemination, for scientific purposes). What will be the verdict? Has he killed a human being or an animal? The problem is set squarely before a flabbergasted and panic-stricken jury that finds itself called upon to define man. With nuanced humor and verve Vercors indicates all the social, moral, and metaphysical implications their decision is bound to have.

Neither of these works has, however, the intensity of purpose or the pertinence that lifts it to a plane of the highest satire of a period. Dutourd belongs more in the tradition of Edmond About than of Anatole France or Voltaire, and Vercors's didacticism remains discreetly incidental to the story he has to tell and the comic situations he delights in creating. These writers are humorists and fantasists first of all, and although their works are veined with insinuations, they are not developed into satire of serious intent.

WE turn, then, to the realistic novel which developed a high strain of social satire during the nineteenth century. Here we encounter Marcel Proust, with his magnificent tableaux of social grotesques. But Proust's work seems to mark the end of the evolution of this particular variety, for although it is still cultivated, it belongs to the past, and the satire incidental to the contemporary realistic novel, for example in the *romans fleuve* of Jules Romains or Georges Duhamel, is not the most adequate expression of the esthetic ideals or the temperament of our times.

Postwar French writers, earnestly bent on attacking institutions or exposing man's insufficiencies, will no more submit to the convention of impersonality implicit in the realistic technique than they will resort to the traditional double-talk of a funny or fantastic story. They are nonetheless dedicated, and perhaps today more than in any other period, to scoring man's follies and destroying his tender illusions. Literature in present-day France is predominantly

THE AUTHOR: *The New York Evening Post,* back in early February 1930, ran a half-column story headlined: "VALENTINE GIVES 21 SUICIDE HINTS." The story began: "The season's most sensational Valentine appeared yesterday in an inviting red sash, bearing the words: 'To My Valentine.' It was Jean Bruller's 'Twenty-one Delightful Ways to Commit Suicide'." The ways ranged from "jumping into a river with a stone tied to one's neck" to "longevity." The text-and-picture book (preface by Corey Ford) was presented as a "novelty," a spoof at February 14's. Anyway, it was in that form, sash and all, that Vercors made his first appearance in the United States. He was then twenty-eight. In those pre-Hitler days, though, Vercors wasn't even a gleam in Bruller's eye. Neither were Jean Desvignes, Jean La Dolée, and Santerre, other *noms de guerre* and *noms de plume* he took during the early 1940's when France was occupied and he was in the Resistance. In those early days, Bruller, who lived in Paris, was a satirical painter. He was well-known. By 1940, however, after the Vichy armistice and his demobilization in the Vercors region near Grenoble, Bruller was pretty fed up with the world, and, if there was one thing he did not want to do, it was paint. He wanted to write, though, so he began turning out a couple of pages a night, and 15,000 words later he had completed "Le Silence de la Mer." The problem of publishing an anti-Nazi book in Nazi-occupied France was beaten by his founding a clandestine publishing house, Aux Editions de Minuit, and, in February 1942, he published 1,000 copies of his novelette under the pseudonym of Vercors. The French loved it. Gestapo critics panned it badly. Copies eventually reached the U.S., and it was published here in 1944. After the war, Vercors identified himself as Bruller (even his wife didn't know *he* was Vercors), and, a year later, he came here to lecture. He arrived a few days before Valentine's Day, but, by then, the subject didn't seem worth mentioning.

—BERNARD KALB.

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a moral one. But the most significant writers feel too much involved themselves to assume the attitude of detachment either whimsical or realistic satire implies. They cannot stand aside and watch the human comedy with amusement. Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus, Georges Bernanos, and André Malraux take up the cross for humanity, and the lucidity they believe to have acquired through their own anxious soul-searching makes them suffer all the more keenly with and for their fellow men.

THE subject of their novels is the spiritual adventure of man in the world, particularly the modern world. Their heroes—martyrs and apostles—are committed to a lifelong quest as lofty and arduous as the quest of the Grail: they must seek absolute authenticity of character themselves and wage incessant war against hypocrites and upholders of meaningless values, all those forces that threaten to enslave man and keep him from being true to himself.

It is in the portrayal of these adversaries that we recognize the sort of thing we are looking for: the "salauds" of Sartre, the Pharisees of Bernanos, the families of Mauriac, all the self-deluding characters Louis Aragon, Malraux, and Camus create to illustrate conformity to false codes of conduct. They are objects more of wrath than of ridicule, one may say. Yet they seem the really great satirical characters of today, and the works in which they appear are our great mirrors of human folly. If the French produce one work that posterity can class with the great satires of the past, it will come out of this so-called "Promethean" literature. In spite of Jean Dutourd's avowed ambition to write the "Bouvard et Pécuchet" of our times, it seems unlikely to look for it either in the form of a *conte philosophique* or from the pen of a humorist.

While not in the class of the highest satire, the stories of Dutourd and Vercors are nevertheless fine specimens of a minor genre enjoying a deserved popularity everywhere. There can be no doubt of their success in English translation. Much of the postwar French literature of revolt and despair is too strong for Anglo-American taste, but the sophisticated joshing of these authors should be quite favorably received in countries that have themselves a renowned tradition of satirical whimsy. Their works, without being un-French, seem perfectly at home in English, where they can easily find their place among the works of Shaw, Wells, Saki, David Garnett, and other masters of British humor and fantasy.

Hitler's Bequest of Horror

By Harold U. Ribalow

The eternal quest of the Jew for peace and prosperity is the theme of two new novels: ***Illés Kaczér's "The Siege"*** *(Dial. 594 pp. $5) and* ***David Weiss's "The Guilt Makers"*** *(Rinehart. 315 pp. $3.50).*

THERE is nearly a one-hundred-and-fifty-year gap between the Jewish life depicted by Illés Kaczér in "The Siege" and by David Weiss in "The Guilt Makers." In both novels—concerned with hounded, innocent Jews—the major protagonists are, in Mr. Kaczér's phrase, "in pursuit of peace and prosperity." "The Siege" is a sprawling, ambitious narrative about Jews living in early nineteenth-century Hungary; "The Guilt Makers" describes the maladjustment to American life of a young Jewish survivor of Buchenwald. From Jew-hating Central Europe to the charnel house of Hitler's Europe, the result is the same: Jews are beaten and driven. There is neither peace nor prosperity.

Mr. Kaczér, a Hungarian-Jewish novelist, editor, and playwright, has produced the richer, more meaningful, and better written novel. "The Siege" swarms with interesting characters: pious Jews, cabbalists, rabbis, saints, drunkards, beggars, ignorant peasants, and historical personages. The author writes out of deep love and impressive knowledge of his Jews. He recreates, on a vast canvas, an age long past; and it contains fragments of Jewish wisdom, traditions, and folklore. The passages describing the various Jewish holidays are prose poems and gemlike in their brilliance. Mr. Kaczér emerges as a novelist of stature, for he has drawn human beings in an heroic mold, trapped by a terrible destiny. The translation from the Hungarian by Lawrence Wolfe is smooth and readable, although here and there he reveals ignorance of a Hebrew phrase.

"The Siege" is a panoramic novel which encompasses more than a decade in the life of the observant and deeply religious Sholem and his wife, Malkeleh, the couple around whom the narrative flows. Sholem becomes the innkeeper in the village of Lapfalva in Hungary. It appears to be a tradition that the inn—which also contains the only bar in the vicinity—be maintained by a Jew. Sholem replaces a Jew recently died and Sholem and his wife inherit not only the inn but three orphan children of the previous owner as well. In the next ten years Malkeleh produces children at the rate of one every eighteen months.

How the Jews keep alive in the face of grinding poverty, oppressive persecution, and the constant threat of extermination is the heart of Mr. Kaczér's story. No matter what happens, Sholem retains his belief in the Almighty. He is more apt to weep over the destruction of the Second Temple two thousand years earlier than over his own defeats. Whatever happens is the will of God. He asks little of God and his Hungarian overlords except that he be left to lead his pious life and bring up his large family in peace.

HIS foster son, the more worldly Sroleh Yomtov, who had lived in Vienna and had served with the Rothschilds, demands more of life than a poor hut and dependence on the bounty of the county noblemen and local politicians. He comes back to his village, after a sojourn in Austria, and negotiates cleverly with the authorities in an attempt to persuade them to permit Jews to live in Otvar, the neighboring town, long barred to Jews. He succeeds—and Mr. Kaczér's description of improvements introduced by the industrious and ingenious Jews makes one of the most delightful, humorous, and ironic chapters in a long book. But soon after the entry of the Jews, a plague erupts in Otvar. The Jews, naturally, are blamed, and they are driven from Otvar. Once again, they are homeless and helpless, but this time they can at least return to the village of Lapfalva, whence they had burst out. The Jews

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had besieged Otvar (hence the title of the novel), symbol of the outside world, but the war was lost, even if the skirmish was successful.

"The Siege" is a sad novel, but its pages shine with nuggets of Jewish learning; and the patience and devout piety of the Jews do not permit the novel to bog down in pessimism and defeatism. Mr. Kaczér has written a humane Jewish novel which proclaims the triumph of Jewish morality and ethics. It recreates not only an age that is gone, but a type of Jew who was wiped out during the Hitler era.

SAUL, the hero of David Weiss's first novel, "The Guilt Makers," could easily have been a descendant of the family of Sholem of Lapfalva. It was Saul's misfortune to have been born late enough to have become a victim of the Nazis. He survived the horrors of Buchenwald and managed to come to New York. There he meets David Hutchinson, the narrator of this story, an American ex-sergeant who had befriended him in the concentration camp and who had asked Saul to look him up, should he ever come to the United States.

The remainder of this melodramatic novel is concerned with Saul's life in America and his influence on David, upon whom the responsibility for all the Sauls of this world weighs heavily. David's private world is turned inside out as his relations with Saul grow more complex. The Jew cannot adjust to life in this country. His soul has been scarred by his experiences in Germany and he finds enough hatred in America to keep him in a permanent state of turmoil.

"The Guilt Makers" is the first winner of the $5,000 Frieder Literary Award for the best book in English on a Jewish theme, sponsored by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. In a statement published in the book, it is stressed that the award is sponsored by the UAHC in connection with its celebration of the tercentenary of the settlement of the first Jewish community in America. This makes the award even more puzzling, for the prize-winner novel comes close to equating America with Nazi Germany; it leaves the reader with the impression that the Jewish survivor is past redemption; that America is too full of hate for the refugee to live at peace in this land; that anti-Semitism in New York City is so overwhelmingly powerful that it cannot be fought except by violence —which, in this instance, leads to murder. Mr. Weiss makes a murderer out of Saul (the responsibility being America's) and leaves him in such a hopeless state that one cannot help thinking that the United States is the villain of the piece.

Unfortunately, the mediocre writing and the clumsy motivation make "The Guilt Makers" a novel scarcely to be recommended. Compared with the polished, sensitive writing of Mr. Kaczér's "The Siege," "The Guilt Makers" is an inferior novel. It is an unhappy event that a novel based on the dramatic Hitler years, which is awarded a $5,000 prize, should be much less impressive as a creative work of fiction than a narrative cast in the nineteenth century. Mr. Kaczér may not earn $5,000, but he may draw satisfaction from the fact that his book, at least, deserves to be read and pondered.

Hans Ruesch—"the best is [the] literal nuts and bolts."

V-8 Whoosh!

By Al Hine

Hans Ruesch's "The Racer" *(Ballantine Books. 203 pp. Clothbound, $1.50. Paperbound, 35¢) is an exciting, authentic tale of the world of motor-racing.*

HANS RUESCH's first book, "The Top of the World," was remarkable not only because it was an excellent and absorbing first novel, but because the author had learned all he knew about its subject—Eskimo life—from the shelves of the New York Public Library. His second book, "The Racer," a chronicle of life among auto jockeys, is a notch or two below "The Top of the World" in interest and craftsmanship, but is nonetheless a competent and entertaining novel. Had it been written by an Eskimo, with no more knowledge of auto racing than could be gained in the New York Public Library, it might win greater acclaim; but Mr. Ruesch is an old auto racer himself, and the sharp observation of motor mores and the crackling, oil- and dust-fumed excitement of his story should win it many happy readers.

You needn't be a charter member of the Allard, Healy, Riley, Jaguar, and Porsche set to get pleasure out of "The Racer." The story of Erich Lester's rise in the racing world to Number One international contender, of his marriage and its near crack-up, of rivalries and death risked on the racing road is believable and gripping from start to finish. Mr. Ruesch, a Swiss who has been writing in English for only about five years, has an ease and economy of style to be envied—and enjoyed.

But the best of the book is its literal nuts and bolts, and personalities, of European auto racing. The writing here is the detailed love letter of a man fascinated by his favorite sport, so engrossed in his passion that even the murkier aspects of the field are clothed in a kind of splendor. What is more, and more important, Mr. Ruesch brings this fascination across to his reader.

It is an informed fascination, and there is none of the totally uncritical admiration of the schoolboy for his sports heroes; but it is a love letter all the same. Mr. Ruesch himself drove on the formidable Ferrari team and has to his credit wins in the British Grand Prix of Donington, the Grand Prix of Bucharest, and two world's records for kilometer from standing start.

About the only arrant nonsense I

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can find is the ancient and weary claim that road racing and other auto racing are a boon to general motoring, serving as vital test runs for the latest in automotive experiment. This is as pure corn as "racing horses for the good of the breed." Nothing can be tested in a race that can't be better tested under the rigorous and controlled conditions of a major car manufacturer's proving grounds.

But this is a decidedly minor carp in a book memorable both for narrative pace and for its sharply etched handful of leading characters. In addition to Lester and his wife, Monica, you will remember Knoll, the shrewd mastermind of the Mercedes-Benz—oops, I mean Geyer— racing stable; Karl Von Ewald, too decent a man to be a great champion; Dell'Orso, the dauntless Italian driver; Rory O'Hanlon, the ex-hero-proud, reckless Irishman.

It is advisable after reading "The Racer" to keep off the highways for a few days until your empathy wears off. This safety warning is tacked on gratuitously to a less subjective review.

Reminiscences in Portuguese

By W. Rex Crawford

To familiarize North Americans with the work of the great nineteenth-century Brazilian writer ***Machado de Assis,*** *his* ***"Dom Casmurro"*** *has recently been translated by Helen Crawford and published by the Noonday Press (283 pp. $3.50). Professor Crawford; Latin American scholar on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, here considers the book and its place in Brazilian literature.*

IN Rio de Janeiro, the frock-coated little figure of Machado de Assis sits inscrutable outside the Brazilian Academy of Letters which he founded, and over which he presided until his death. It is only a few steps from the American Embassy, but mutual acquaintance between this author, almost universally esteemed Brazil's greatest, and the American reader has remained imperfect.

It is natural enough that Brazilians and friends of Brazil should lament our ignorance of their finest stylist. His place in Brazilian literature is secure and fundamental. Brazilian criticism has spilled much ink on questions connected with Machado de Assis, perhaps to most effect in a book by the notable novelist-critic Lucia Miguel-Pereira, and in her contribution to the new fifteen-volume history of Brazilian literature.

This situation should be partially corrected by Helen Caldwell's translation of "Dom Casmurro," one of the three major works from Machado's total of thirty-one volumes. ("Epitaph of a Small Winner," published a year ago, was another.) In spite of a few passages that will puzzle or mislead the unwary, Miss Caldwell's version is readable and faithful. The tempting but pedantic original title, "Mr. Grumpy," was fortunately avoided.

The story, told with cute twists and turns, with compassionate skepticism about human nature, is that of a seminarist who abandons the path of the church for law, marries his childhood sweetheart, is deceived by her and separated from her, and writes looking back on it all. Even Lear, as summarized by Tolstoy, sounds silly. Any summary would be unfair to the slight but authentic charm of Rio's Machado.

Mr. Grumpy, as the central character is nicknamed by his friends and neighbors, recalls his adolescence and married life in a choppy, Sterne-like story, devoid of narrative powers *de longue haleine*. The obvious influence of Sterne makes it evident that Machado's mentors were not men of his own tradition or time, that he stood outside the currents of naturalism, that he is an exceptional as well as a preeminent figure in Brazilian literature. Machado's forte is reflection and psychological insight, an understanding of others reached through his understanding of himself, and a subject-matter which is close to autobiographical. Unfortunately, the psychological presuppositions of his late Empire and early Republic and society are in many details as distant from those of our own as the nonchalant way in which his hero Bento reports visiting a boy dying at home of leprosy, or his mother's sending her slaves out on the streets to earn money for her.

I cannot help feeling that the cause of bringing Brazilian literature to the public of the United States would be better served by translating the virile social novels of José Lins do Rego, the satire of Marques Rebelo, the modern short stories of Anibal Machado or Clarice Lispector, or the delicate art of Carlos Drummond de Andrade, than the classic but dated work of Machado.

Majesties on the Lam

By Harrison Smith

Nevil Shute's "In the Wet" *(William Morrow, 337 pp. $3.50) is a polemical tale of the 1930's, when a Socialist Government atrophies England, and the Queen and her Consort escape by plane to Australia.*

THE popular success of Nevil Shute's many novels, beginning with his prophetic "Ordeal" in 1939, is due to his undoubted talent for telling a romantic and adventurous story, and to some extent to the knowledge he acquired as an aeronautic engineer in charge of a large warplane factory in the Thirties. Like H. G. Wells, he has a gift for speculating about the future which gives his work added dimensions in time and space. Three years ago he emigrated with his family to Australia and his reasons for abandoning the homeland of his ancestors became apparent in "The Far Country" and other books. All of these elements are woven into the texture of his latest novel, "In the Wet."

The substance of "In the Wet" is laid in the 1980's. It is concerned chiefly with an Australian military air pilot, David Hamilton, who falls in love with an English girl and saves the lives of the aging British Queen and her Consort, and incidentally the future of the monarchy. In spite of a trace of aboriginal blood, Hamilton was appointed to command the magnificent airship donated by the Australian people. Canada has made a like contribution, for both Commonwealths feared that England's increasingly hostile Socialist Government intended to hold the Royal family in England and put an end to the Queen's yearly extended visits to the Dominions.

IN thirty years Great Britain had lost by emigration over twenty million citizens, and in 1980 it still endured austerity. It had become increasingly Socialist and its politicians used the monarchy as a whipping-boy. The Government owned all the land, houses, and property in the Kingdom. Whole villages were depopulated, and

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A Torn, Noble Man

By Brom Weber

In his own estimate, Sherwood Anderson was a failure; but critics regard him as a great fertilizing element in our literary soil. ***"The Letters of Sherwood Anderson," edited by Howard Mumford Jones*** *(Little, Brown. 479 pp. $6) throws light on the paradox. Mr. Weber, who reviews it here, edited "The Letters of Hart Crane."*

"I CAN'T live by merely being thought of as a sometime master of my craft." In 1940, somewhat less than a year before his death, Sherwood Anderson addressed these poignant words to Maxwell Perkins. He was referring only to the lagging sale of his books. However, with characteristic honesty and feeling, he indirectly unveiled the heart of a situation which had bedeviled him, one of America's finest writers, for more than a decade. (Indirection, it may be pointed out, was a prime element of his literary method.) After a few brief years of confident triumph, literary and personal though not financial, there had come many long years of misunderstanding, failure, doubt, and neglect. The difficult burden was not rendered any the more palatable because one of his books ("Dark Laughter," 1925) proved to be a moderate best seller, while another one ("Winesburg, Ohio," 1919) was recognized as a "modern classic."

Anderson's tragic condition, unjustified in part, could not have been avoided. As a mature man in his late thirties, he had torn himself out of a middle-class existence which he felt to be artificial and suffocating. He began to write fiction with the belief that artistic practice called for no formal restrictions.

Success encouraged him to rely on his writings for a living. But the novels which he now wrote—his short stories being unsuitable for the large-circulation magazines able to support him—were failures on the whole. The novel's complexity demands that its writer interweave his characters and events on the basis of some artful forethought. But Anderson, as he wrote in 1939, didn't agree: "People pushed here and there in the imagined world. There was a constant violence being done these people. Some scheme for a story or novel had come into the writer's mind. They were making the characters of the story or novel do this or that to fit into the scheme thought out. . . . As though I, a writer, had a right to do as I pleased with people carried into an imagined life."

Severely criticized at first, Anderson's novels were soon being slighted. Overlooked were those sections of a book which, standing alone, were fully as great as his initial accomplishments and should have been acknowledged as such. Eventually his later, successful attempts at mastering an objective approach were ignored.

A 1933 letter to his old friend Rosenfeld makes this painfully clear: "Paul, when I do a thing like 'Brother Death' with its real delicacy and strength, and from you and Brooks, the men I have always thought the most sensitive of all our critical minds, no response at all, only the cry that I have inadvertently let my name go on some political manifesto you do not like—"

Still in all, Anderson does not represent a failure, not even on his own terms. In 1921 he wrote how moved he had been by the thought "that after all the only thing the present generation of men in America could expect to do is to make with their bodies and spirits a kind of fertilizing element in our soil." Two years later, in the same vein: "Every new man will help also to make it possible for future artists here to begin working at twenty-five instead of thirty-five or forty." His hope and generosity have borne fruit. Far from being neglected, even by those who insist on a craftsmanship more rigorous than Anderson commanded, his works appear in widely-influential critical anthologies which reach writers in and out of academic surroundings: Brooks and Warren, West and Stallman, Canby and Bailey, Schorer, and others. His experiments and realizations have left their firm imprint on the work of Hemingway and Faulkner, greater writers but indebted ones too.

Sherwood Anderson—"sometime master."

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES and his associate, Walter Rideout, have edited this new collection of "Letters" so as to provide a comprehensive mine of information helpful in understanding Anderson on other matters as well. Their task was not without its difficulties. Chicago's Newberry Library contains thousands of Anderson letters. Yet a definitive "epistolary biography" was an impossibility in view of Anderson's avowed disregard for facts: as late as 1938 he is still writing about his mythical "Southern father." The editors, nonetheless, wisely utilized a chronological framework extending from 1916, the year in which he burst into literature, through 1940. The 401 letters selected thus present the dramatic flow of a fascinating and disturbing life. They are restricted in the main to verifiable experience and unchallengeable personal revelation.

Many letters display a substance and a tender, lyrical tone in harmony with the best of his published works. They are frequently as evocatively written. A 1933 letter to Burton Emmett is a remarkable expression of serene compassion and insight, composed with a stylistic purity rare in American literature.

Influenced no doubt by the pervasive effects of Anderson's historic rebellion against the genteel tradition, as well as by scholarly judgment, the editors have preserved intact, insofar as legally possible, all Anderson wrote to his correspondents. A new and intimate light, therefore, is thrown over the details of his relationships with contemporary figures like Dreiser, Faulkner, Hemingway, Stein, Frank, Stieglitz, Wolfe, O'Neill, and a host of others; with his wives, children, and brothers; with his publishers and agents; and with the political turmoil of the 1930's.

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Bettmann Archive

Anne, Emily, and Charlotte Brontë, by Patrick Branwell Brontë—"perennial appeal."

A Family of Scribblers

By Fannie Ratchford

How could a timid woman of narrow experience write a book of such passion and reality as "Jane Eyre"? Miss Ratchford of the University of Texas, a Brontë specialist, here examines the various attempts to solve the enigma of Charlotte Brontë, including the latest, ***Margaret Lane's "The Brontë Story"*** *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 386 pp. $5).*

CHARLOTTE BRONTË died on March 31, 1855, having tasted briefly the fame that is hers today. Seven years earlier "Jane Eyre" had burst unheralded upon the public from publishers who themselves knew no more of the author than was to be inferred from the masculine pseudonym on its title-page—"Jane Eyre. An Autobiography. Edited by Currer Bell." Complete anonymity held for two years, until distinct local color in a second novel, "Shirley," betrayed the writer. By the time a third was off press, the knowing reader substituted for "Currer Bell," the name of Charlotte Brontë, daughter of the perpetual curate of Haworth, a small manufacturing village in Yorkshire.

Natural shyness, which afflicted Charlotte to the point of infirmity, increased by the loss of her one brother and two beloved sisters within a few months, protected her from the lion-hunting public through the few remaining years of her life. She died a woman of mystery, bequeathing to posterity a perpetual riddle: How could a timid woman of her narrow experience write a book of such originality, such fire and passion, and such intense conviction of reality as "Jane Eyre"?

Lack of knowledge whetted curiosity, and where information left off surmise and speculation took over. Never was an authoritative biography more needed and more urgently called for. Charlotte's publishers were eager to produce it. Her aged and eccentric father and reticent husband-of-less-than-a-year, the Reverend Arthur Bell Nichols, acquiesced, promising cooperation in hope of making it worthy of Charlotte. The unanimous choice fell upon the popular novelist Mrs. Elizabeth Gaskell, who added to her other qualifications the advantage of a cordial, though brief, friendship with Charlotte.

Conscientious in high degree, Mrs. Gaskell not only used all available written records, such as Charlotte's long correspondence with Ellen Nussey and letters to her publishers, but she visited the several places where Charlotte had stayed for a time and talked with every considerable person who had known her intimately. The result was a two-volume work which for fulness of information, vivid dramatization, and charm has stood through the years peer even to Boswell's "Johnson."

BUT it did not satisfy, for it did not answer the mystery of the genius it recorded. Rather it multiplied the problem, bringing to light a whole family of Charlotte's kind—two remarkable older sisters who died within a few weeks of each other, when they were ten and eleven years of age; a brother, Branwell, of tremendous ambition who wrecked himself and died without accomplishment; Emily, who saw in print the immortal "Wuthering Heights" and left in manuscript a body of great verse; and Anne, who published before she was thirty two novels of merit.

What Mrs. Gaskell had not attempted others rushed in to do. Mere acquaintances and even rank strangers offered "keys," "solutions," and "secrets" galore. In course of time psychologists and psychoanalysts made their contributions. From first to last, and most numerous of all, professional writers of popular biography, perceiving the perennial appeal of the Brontë family, have swarmed the field.

All, good and bad, have gone back to Mrs. Gaskell for basic facts of the family story. But this is not to say that nothing factual has been added to Mrs. Gaskell's gatherings. In 1895 Clement K. Shorter and Thomas J. Wise obtained from Nicholls the Brontë family literary remains which he inherited from Charlotte and her father, and from such part of this material as he understood Mr. Shorter published (1896-1908) a half-dozen or more valuable Brontë source books. In 1913 a descendant of M. Constantin Héger, Charlotte's teacher of literature in Brussels, turned over to the British Museum four letters which Charlotte wrote to "her master" following her return from Brussels on New Year's day in 1844, which seemed to confirm early gossip that Charlotte at the time of their writing was unhappily in love with M. Héger—actually the story in its full context is far different, wider, and more significant in its implication than that accepted by the eager public. More important still, the recent opening up of a vast Brontë juvenilia, but barely touched upon by Mrs. Gaskell, etches in minute detail a remarkable moving picture of the Brontë genius.

In view of the excrescences that have been laid upon Mrs. Gaskell's "Life" by modern biographers and data which have come to light since it was written, a competent revision of her great work has long been

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needed. This Margaret Lane (in private life the Countess of Huntingdon) has now given us in "The Brontë Story." Her formula is set forth in her foreword:

> My aim. . . . has been to place the reader in a discreet position behind Mrs. Gaskell's shoulder, where he can comfortably see what she is writing, and watch her tackle her difficulties as she encounters them; and, while he is thus strategically placed, to put into his hand all the material which Mrs. Gaskell had not seen or which, for one good reason or another, she did not use; so that he will, by the time he sees her come to her last page, be able to fill in all the gaps and make his own interpretations.
>
> This book, in fact, is offered as a sort of footnote to Mrs. Gaskell, bringing the reader back at every point to her incomparable text, and at the same time putting him in possession of everything of importance that has come to light in the century since she wrote. Provided with this footnote as well as with her "Life," he will, I hope, have in his hands the whole of the Brontë story.

But it is not the formula itself that constitutes the excellency of the book so much as the good taste, critical judgment, and literary skill which work it out so effectively that Mrs. Gaskell herself might well have chosen Miss Lane for this collaboration.

The satisfaction and delight of the book is enhanced by exquisite drawings by Joan Hassall.

An Old Pro Speaks Out

By W. T. Scott

Alfred Noyes's "Two Worlds for Memory" *(J. B. Lippincott. 348 pp. $5) is an entertaining and revealing self-portrait of a now nigh-forgotten British poet.*

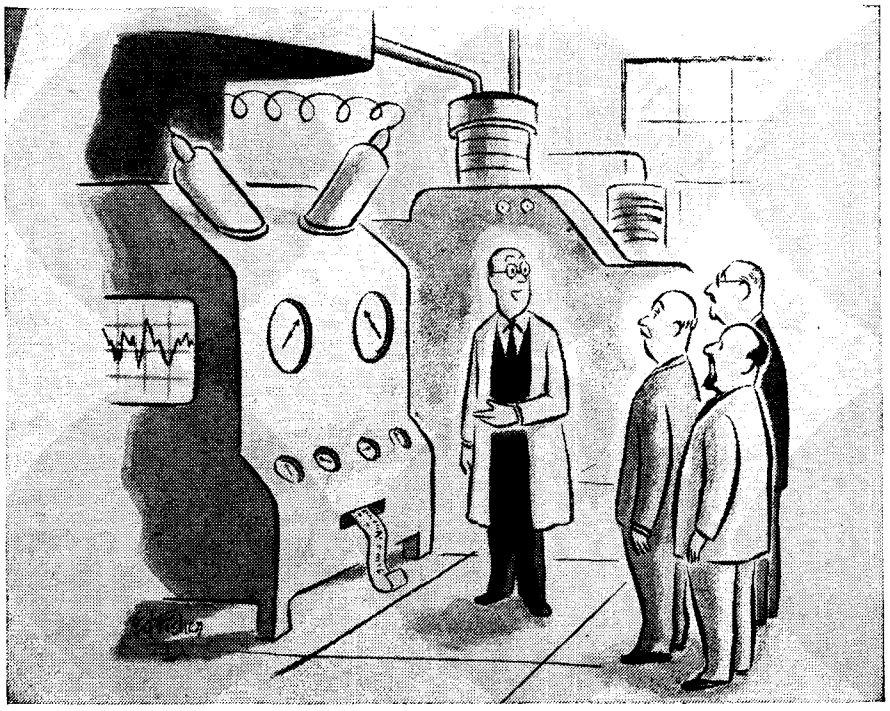
As you pick up Alfred Noyes's autobiography, "Two Worlds for Memory," you may pause to think what you know about this elderly British poet, so famous in his youth, so seldom regarded now. The ballad called "The Highwayman," of course; and probably (forgetting it is called "Barrel Organ") the exhortation to "Come down to Kew in lilac-time." A dim remembrance that, incredible though it seems, Alfred Noyes personally received the benediction of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Yes, and a poem in several volumes—on scientific discoveries?—called "The Torch-Bearers." You may also recall Noyes as a rather prominent convert to Roman Catholicism and, irrelevantly, photographs of a baldish head and face.

All this turns out to be correct enough, and "Two Worlds for Memory" fills in a great deal more. It is not an "intimate" autobiography. Noyes's parentage, his marriage to an American girl and her death, his second marriage and the birth of his children, are given little beyond statement; Noyes, a late Victorian, observes a simple reticence in such matters. His real intimacies consist rather of the many references to his own work and his progress from religious indifference to his present piety. Also his book is filled with anecdotes of other people; many of these are entertaining and a lot of them as point of view collaborate with the other material to create a self-portrait.

Going-on seventy-three, Noyes is by no means the oldest literary elder statesman on the horizon, but his very early fame and popularity brought him as hardly more than a youngster into circles which now seem infinitely remote; this makes an awesome span of his recollections. He was only twenty-two when his first book was published, twenty-four when he wrote "The Highwayman." That he immediately followed with an epic poem "Drake," which was serialized in *Blackwood's Magazine*. At thirty-three he was met by reporters when he visited America; he began to garner honorary degrees; he became a lecturer—replacing Henry Van Dyke—at Princeton and (though he makes no mention of this) was widely considered in the newspapers as a likely candidate for the Poet Laureateship.

So Noyes can relate how William Blackwood remembered George Eliot talking of her novels as "her children," and how De Quincey rushed into Blackwood's office to hide from his creditors. The young poet used to talk of Dickens with Alice Meynell's mother, Mrs. Thompson; Dickens had been smitten with her as a girl and she married a friend of his. Swinburne did indeed have Noyes for dinner at The Pines: the deaf old poet and his deaf old guardian, Watts Dunton, shouted at each other, and Noyes remembers that Swinburne dismissed Laureate Robert Bridges as "a pedant, and a dull pedant."

In Boston Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich told Noyes how she once (inadvertently, need I say?) got Harriet Beecher Stowe drunk as a coot: the venerable lady passed out on the Aldrich sofa. Mrs. Aldrich then presented Noyes with Edwin Booth's meerschaum pipe and Noyes went on to assure Theodore Roosevelt that George Sylvester Viereck certainly was not the best of the new American poets but that Edwin Arlington Robinson was. Somewhere about this



"This is our most advanced electronic brain—it even has schizophrenia."

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time, too. Noyes had among his pupils at Princeton Edmund Wilson, John Peale Bishop, and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

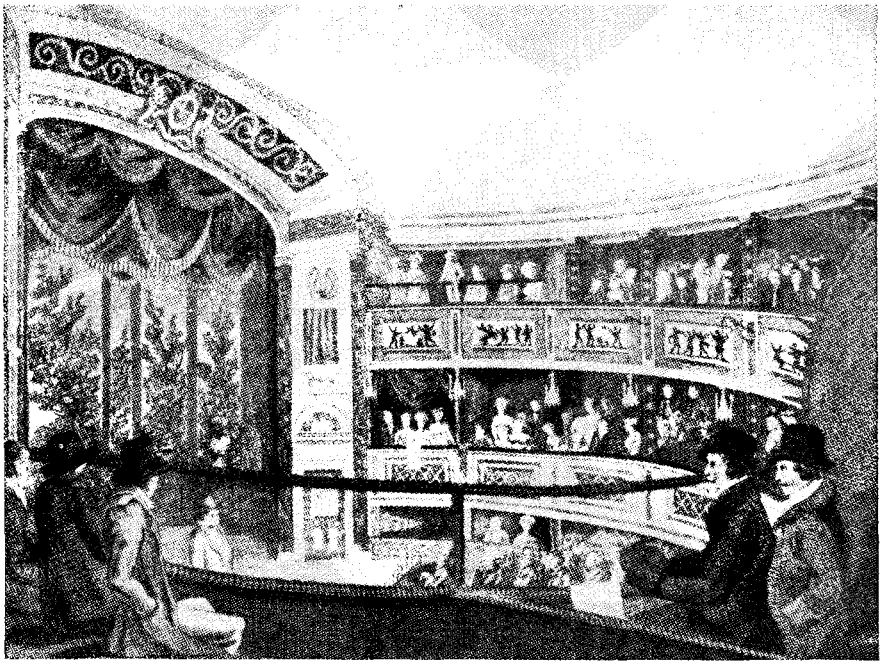
Noyes has been in several controversies, all of which he can report winning. Thomas Hardy was irked with him for asserting Hardy had "a pessimistic philosophy which regarded the Creator as an imbecile jester"; but Noyes in several letters persuaded that great man that he [Noyes] meant merely to strike at the "destructive spirit" which "misinterpreted" Hardy's lines. Because of Noyes's work in the British Ministry of Information during the First World War, W. B. Yeats slated him years later for having a part in the vilification of the Irish patriot Sir Roger Casement; Noyes's reply gave Yeats satisfaction that Noyes was innocent.

WHEN he defended "traditional" poetry against "modern" with Edith Sitwell once in the 1920's, Miss Sitwell lost an uproarious audience to her opponent by the beginning of her speech. "In their day," she said, "Keats and Shelley were the most persecuted of poets and"—bitterly—"Tom Moore was the most popular. In our day my brothers and I are the most persecuted of poets, and"—pointing an accusing forefinger— "Mr. Noyes—" Pandemonium. "After this," reports Noyes, "I had no trouble." And the chairman, Sir Edmund Gosse, led the lady away with the remark: "Come along, Edith, I have no doubt that in his day Shakespeare was thought to be mad."

Gosse later joined Noyes in stopping a BBC lecture someone was scheduled to give on James Joyce's "Ulysses." They and their cohorts considered the book a "foul chaos." And years after, when Noyes found his guest Sir Hugh Walpole recommending "Ulysses" to Noyes's daughter, he ordered Sir Hugh to leave the house.

That house, by the way, is a huge mansion on the Isle of Wight—somewhere this side of Tennyson's home. H. G. Wells once visited there and was very rude to J. B. Priestley and, for the matter of that, to everybody else. Wells acquired the Noyes's home in London: "He said he had been looking for a house to die in, and thought mine would suit him perfectly. I was naturally anxious to help him." Queen Mary on the other hand was an "exceedingly pleasant" visitor.

At his seventieth birthday dinner Noyes said ". . . whatever the defects and limitations of my own work may be, I have truly loved the art of poetry and given the best of my life to it." That shines forth as a humble, decent, true remark.



—*From "The Art of Scenic Design."*

Olympic Theatre, London—"harsher theatrical terrain."

After the Storm

By William W. Appleton

Frederick S. Boas's "An Introduction to Eighteenth Century Drama" *(Oxford. 365 pp. $5) is a let-down from his earlier studies of Tudor and Stuart drama. Professor Appleton, who teaches a course on Restoration and eighteenth-century drama at Columbia, here explains why.*

AFTER his two fine volumes on Tudor and Stuart drama, Frederick S. Boas has wandered from the happy fields he knows so well to a harsher theatrical terrain where he is much less at his ease. One can at least partially sympathize with him. After the energy, the excesses, and the splendors of the Elizabethan era, the age of the Augustans, the subject of his latest volume, almost inevitably seems prosaic and drab, dramatically speaking. An occasional revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" or "The School for Scandal" reminds one that the age was not without its robust humor and crackling wit, but its more sober dramas are now generally forgotten, and in spite of the relentless activity of its dramatic practitioners, only a handful of plays have lived on in repertory or achieved the quasi-permanence of an anthology. It was an age of the actor and the theatre rather than of the drama.

In his preface to "An Introduction to Eighteenth Century Drama" Mr. Boas somewhat reluctantly admits to this. Nonetheless, he has deliberately excluded theatrical history from his account. Whether he was wise in doing so is dubious. One can hardly bypass the cavalcade of actors ushered in by that coxcomb, Colley Cibber, and the smoldering Mrs. Barry, and concluding with the two Kembles—John Philip, with the profile from a Roman coin, and his sister, Sarah Siddons, Reynolds's Tragic Muse. Above all, it is difficult to overlook David Garrick the actor in favor of the infinitely less interesting subject, David Garrick the dramatist.

In other respects the author has also stringently circumscribed himself. He makes little or no mention of the various factors which so effectively crippled the drama during this period—the restricting theatrical patents, the Licensing Act, and the often suffocating pressure of the moral and esthetic standards imposed upon playwrights by their audience. "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give," is, after all, an eighteenth-century observation, and a divorce of the two is almost impossible to effect.

In not relating the drama more closely to the history of ideas (or the lack of them) Mr. Boas has imposed perhaps the most serious limitation upon his approach.

It is only justice to the author to point out that he has entitled his

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The Saturday Review

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The Essential Ingredient

IN a democracy nothing is more important than an informed citizenry. This is the essential ingredient. And not even our schools are greater sources of this precious ingredient than our 12,000 public and college libraries.

Today our country's librarians are gathering together in Los Angeles for the annual conference of the American Library Association, now celebrating its 76th anniversary, a year when the freedom of libraries to offer uncensored books to their communities has been under as severe a challenge on many fronts as our public schools by those who seem to fear freedom even more than darkness. In a greeting to this ALA conference the American Book Publishers Council refers to our libraries as the "living, self-perpetuating storehouse of all civilization's memories," the "assimilation of knowledge out of which more knowledge will come." More accurately, the Council says, the libraries could be described as the "bloodstream and brain" of our nation and of our communities.

The Association of American University Presses salutes the librarians, also in this issue of *The Saturday Review*, as colleagues in making it possible for millions of Americans to know the "blessed existence" of "living with books."

To make our own contribution to the close and fruitful bond that should wisely exist between our libraries and their communities, *The Saturday Review* takes pleasure not only in wishing long life and prosperity to the ALA on this anniversary, but also in announcing a new program of expanded editorial treatment of issues and subjects important to our librarians and the book-reading public. To help us in the execution of this program, Mrs. Edith Busby has been named Special Library Advisor to *The Saturday Review* and will work closely with us in our plans to serve the library community and to help promote even wider public understanding and support for our libraries. Mrs. Busby was a staff member for thirty-two years of the New York and Brooklyn public libraries, and is recognized as probably the outstanding authority in the profession on book selection and acquisition for libraries. Besides lecturing on library problems at Pratt Institute and Columbia University, she has been chairman of important committees of the ALA and also done special library studies on foundation grants. She will be present in Los Angeles to discuss with the delegates how *The Saturday Review* can best serve them, and through them the larger community of books and freedom of knowledge in which all thoughtful persons have such a profound stake these days.

THE *Saturday Review* also plans in the near future to publish a weekly round-up of "best-readers" throughout the country, based on reports from selected libraries on the books, old and new, fiction and non-fiction, most in demand in their communities. Articles by educators and other authorities on the library are also being scheduled to appear at frequent intervals to foster closer cooperation and more active support between the library and its public.

It is with this program in mind and with the deepest sense of the major role of free public libraries in the American experience that *The Saturday Review* joins with the American Book Publishers Council and the Association of American University Presses in sending greetings and good wishes to the ALA on its 76th anniversary. —W. D. P.

Anisfield-Wolf Awards

THE preponderant role which the United States now plays in international affairs has had its impact upon literature in a steady flow of books dealing with all parts of the world. Many of these volumes are scientific studies of the conditions, policies, and background of the far-flung family of nations; others are works of travel or description; still others personal chronicles or fiction. In making its annual selections from among them The Anisfield-Wolf Award Committee, composed of Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild of New York University, chairman; Professor Ralph Linton of Yale University; Amy Loveman of *SR*; and Henry Seidel Canby of *SR*, honorary chairman, has been actuated by the purpose of the Award, established by Mrs. Edith Anisfield Wolf of Cleveland, Ohio, in memory of her father and her husband, to focus attention upon current publications which by their presentation of racial problems may help in their solution. In the past two years the awards of two thousand dollars each have been made, one to fiction, the other to a work of non-fiction. This year both go to books in the latter category though, by a happy accident, Han Suyin's "A Many-Splendored Thing," an Atlantic Monthly Press (Little, Brown) publication, has all the color of romance in the touching love story of its narrator, and "People of the Deer," by Farley Mowat, issued by Little, Brown & Company, combines the interest of adventure with a sound social study.

Of "A Many-Splendored Thing" (reviewed in *SR* Feb. 14, 1953) Professor Fairchild goes on to write: "'A Many-Splendored Thing' is a unique and fascinating combination of a beautiful love story, beautifully told, with a vivid description of contemporary life in one of the great cosmopolitan cities of the world [Hong Kong] and shrewd insights into the social, economic, and political conditions of the turbulent Far East. Assuming the book to be as strictly autobiographical as it purports to be, Dr. Han is a Eurasian woman (Chinese-European) born in Peking, and

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TRUE SHAME

SURELY THEIR ATTITUDES to the Communists and Nazis do not constitute the true "Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals," as indicated by Elmer Davis's review of Peter Viereck's book [*SR* Feb. 28]. The great opportunity for intellectuals was thrown away by the fumbling of the Weimar Republic and was vitiated by Soviet totalitarianism. The essential ingredient—contact with Brogan's "Common Man" [*SR* Feb. 28]—was scarcely found when it was lost. Nazism was a bitter revelation of this inadequacy, while Communism was a sordid transmutation.

Today, through recognizing a culture-class division in society, the intellectuals may have written their own epitaph. The first sign of their decline was the use of "intellectual" as a noun rather than an adjective, and this decline is being actively abetted by the "anti-liberals" who are widening the class division.

MAURICE B. BALLABON.

Regina, Saskatchewan.

MATERIALISM

IRWIN EDMAN'S ARTICLE [*SR* May 23] recalls to mind the sessions of the American Studies Association held in Washington, D.C., last November. The theme of this conference was the status of American culture and civilization in Europe. The sum and substance of all the observations indicated that American influences are being regarded with increasing suspicion and fear among Europeans generally, and among the English and French particularly. The bugbear is always our alleged materialism, and the main source of the denunciation is, of course, the European intellectual.

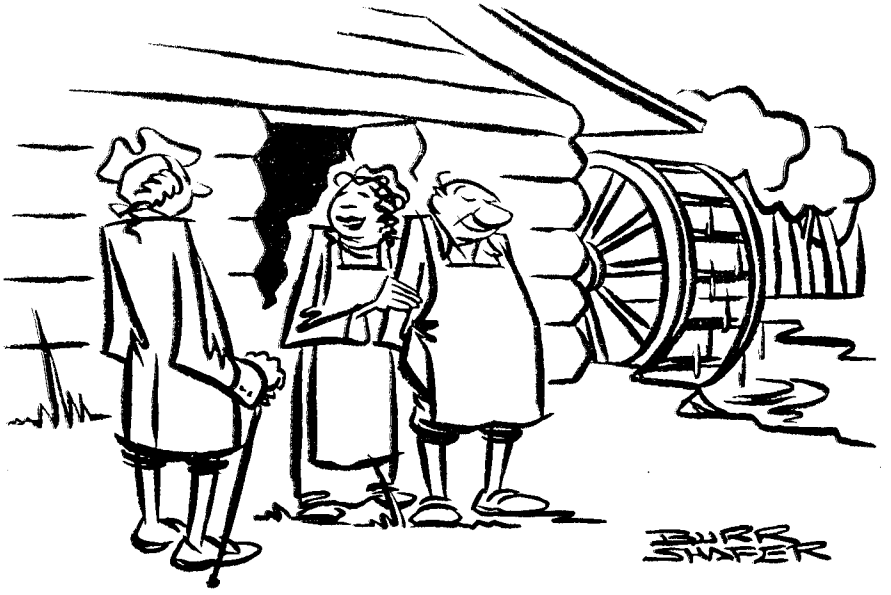
During the past ten or fifteen years particularly, large numbers of intellectuals and professional people from all sections of Western Europe have taken up residence in this country and have pursued their professional activities with success and distinction. In many cases they have done remarkably well in a financial and material way. In a number of instances these people have achieved a material standard of living far higher (by their own admission) than they ever enjoyed or could have hoped to enjoy in their native countries. The point I want to make is simply this, that when the European intellectual or professional person becomes established in this country he is as much of a materialist as any average native-born American.

On a *per capita* basis, my European intellectual friends live in better houses and own higher-priced late model automobiles, refrigerators, television sets, radio-phonograph combinations, air-conditioning units, and other assorted mechanistic gadgets than do their native-born counterparts. And yet it is these same people who persistently and habitually berate America for its vulgar materialism. Is it not a fair and reasonable inference that the main reason why these Europeans were somewhat less materialistic in Europe was that they did not have quite the same opportunities?

Obviously I am not condemning our newly-arrived European friends for being materialists or for their taking the fullest advantage of the economic opportunities afforded by their adopted country. I am, however, questioning the validity and sincerity of their condemnation of us on these same grounds. The fact of the matter is that on the issue of materialism there isn't a hairline of difference between the American and the European—at any economic or intellectual level. As far as that possible shade of difference goes, I believe I should call the turn slightly in favor of the American. There is still more genuine idealism left in this country than in any other section of the earth.

HOWARD W. HINTZ.

Brooklyn, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"We're so proud of Wesley—he's found a way to take all the wheat-germ out of flour."

ELIZABETH KINGSLEY

YOUR TRIBUTE TO Elizabeth Kingsley's 1,000th Double-Crostic [*SR* May 23] turns out to be the understatement of the year—perhaps of all time! Had you been publishing in 1616, you might have printed: "Dead: William Shakespeare who wrote plays, some of them were good." That might have been the understatement for 1616.

Right now, I weep because your magazine had the most extraordinary opportunity to eulogize a great mind during her lifetime. What you printed was a mere passing nod in her direction. Pages of your paper could well have been devoted to the compliments from very famous people, letters from shut-ins, lonely people all over the world who eagerly look forward to the next puzzle, men and women in our armed forces. College professors, scholars, teachers who say that Mrs. Kingsley has lifted a veil on effective teaching, they say that students learn more from one puzzle than from many lectures. In any case, to inspire the *desire* for learning is a tremendous accomplishment, an innovation in cultural entertainment.

MONA MORGAN.

New York, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENT APPLAUDED

I AM IMPRESSED WITH THE objective attitude and broad vision of your motion-picture reviews. It pleases me to discover a literary magazine which is not above reporting the down-to-earth entertainment qualities of comparatively inexpensive little pictures which, now and then, the film makers turn out.

The recent appraisal of "I Love Melvin" [*SR* March 21], for example, leads one to feel that it would be a pleasant picture to view after a long and tiresome day, when something devoid of messages and artistic vagueness is sought. How nice it would be if Hollywood would discover that it need not turn out a "Quo Vadis," a "Greatest Show on Earth," or an "Ivanhoe" simply to attract an audience. How nice it would be if the effective simplicity of the European film makers were combined with the technical facilities of Hollywood.

But until that day arrives, thanks for recognizing the entertainment pieces which appeal to the average theatregoer along with the films of artistic merit.

BILL BENNETT.

Muskegon, Mich.

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For the Literary Sport

By Al Silverman

Tennis, anyone? Or will golf, fishing, swimming, or sailing be your pastime this summer? Mr. Silverman, sports editor of True: The Man's Magazine, *suggests twenty-seven books to smooth your way.*

"WE must all be patient until the end of summer." When Miss Alma Winemiller, the lost heroine of Tennessee Williams's play "Summer and Smoke" uttered these words in one of the drama's most poignant passages, she was merely expressing a state of mind that strikes most of us at one time or another during the searing heat of the season. However, unlike Miss Alma, whose torpor was somewhat masochistic, we usually prefer to strike out and fight the thing. Why not beat the heat by getting out on links, lawn, or water to try besting an opponent or bettering your own score? Whether your choice of summertime escape is golf, tennis, fishing, swimming, or sailing, there is a book to give you aid and comfort.

President Eisenhower, as anyone who has seen a newspaper lately knows, is a golf bug. It will do no harm, this being the summer following the election, to credit him with the noticeable upswing in golfing interest hereabouts, and the subsequent abundance of new books on the subject.

The President, like many lesser mortals, plays the game passably well but would like to do better. Well, it will behoove him, if he hasn't already done so, to read Tommy Armour's instructional book, **"How to Play Your Best Golf All the Time"** (Simon & Schuster, $2.95). It is much the best thing of its kind to come along in years and deserves the popularity currently being lavished on it.

A brilliant golfer in his day—Armour won most of the world's major tournaments—and acclaimed as an uncanny teacher, he has created a model of enlightenment and simplicity, a virtue not shared by most instructional books. He gives specific yet easily understandable information on down-to-earth questions as how to tee the ball, how most golfers ruin their game, how to go around in thirty putts, and the easy way to get out of a sand trap.

If you want to read politics into it, Armour's little gem will serve you well, too, for it can be interpreted on two levels. For instance, in one particularly lively section he talks about the business of hitting golf balls only with your left arm and hand. This, he firmly states, is a lot of hooey. He advises instead to let the left arm and hand act as a guide, "and whack the hell out of the ball with the right hand." A bit of advice which some of our Congressional leaders seem to be following conscientiously.

The winner of the 1952 National Open Golf Championship, Julius Boros, sets down his formula for success in **"How to Play Par Golf"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.50). While several putts over Armour's performance, it is nevertheless a valuable addition to the golfing catalogue. The author gives step-by-step instruction for the beginner and rings in a few short cuts as well. Another book of the same sort is Jim Turnesa's **"12 Lessons to Better Golf"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95), by one of the more illustrious members of an illustrious golfing family.

THE ladies haven't been neglected this season, either. Louise Suggs, who seems to have inherited the lofty position in women's golf held for so many years by Babe Didrikson Zaharias, has written **"Par Golf for Women"** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95). Miss Suggs gives competent and knowing advice to those ladies who would keep up with their husbands on the links as they try to do in so many other fields of endeavor.

In a way it's rather a shame that President Eisenhower couldn't have spread his sporting interest a little and rubbed some of his special magic on tennis, a game which can stand a shot in the arm in this country at the present time. Apparently, more people play tennis than ever before, but in the past few years a creeping lassitude seems to have infected the tennis public as far as their enthusiasm for tennis heroes is concerned. This state of affairs has possibly been brought on by one or both of these factors: the failure of young, talented and exciting players to rouse tennis fans into the fits they used to reserve for such gentlemen as Bill Tilden, Don Budge, Bobby Riggs, and Jack Kramer; and the emergence of Australia, with its young and exciting (but "foreign") players, as the chief tennis power in the world.

This apathy is plainly in evidence when it comes to books on the game. Not one of any consequence has been published in this country in almost two years. However, there are enough adequate staples on the bookstand. You can, as an example, find without much trouble **"Tennis Made Easy"** (A. S. Barnes, $1.75), by Lloyd Budge, older brother of one of our most renowned champions. First printed in 1945, it is currently enjoying a tenth printing. Lloyd Budge never scaled the peaks his brother managed, but he can take solace in the fact that it was he who taught Don the tricks that were to stand him so well in international competition in the late Thirties (as Don readily admits in an earnest foreword). The elder Budge gives relatively simple and direct instruction on the fundamentals of the game, aided by guiding photographs.

For the women, there is Helen Hull Jacobs's popular **"Tennis"** (A. S. Barnes, $1.50), about to go into an eighth printing. Miss Jacobs, unlike Lloyd Budge, has made the grade both as a competitor and teacher and is the author of a number of works on the game, including a couple of novels. But this is probably her soundest written contribution to tennis. She analyzes, carefully and cannily, exactly how the woman's game ought to be played, basing her case on her own considerable experience.

IF you really want to do some digging, you will be richly rewarded by books on tennis that are now out of print but can be located through diligent research in second-hand bookshops. I have this on good authority from Charles Hall, who is one of the directors of the Fisher Lawn Tennis Library. Mr. Hall lists these works as worth your time and attention: **"The Science of Lawn Tennis,"** by Edward B. Dewhurst, a 1910 item written by an American who learned his tennis as a youngster in Australia; **"Tennis Tactics,"** by Raymond D. Little (1913); **"Match Play and the Spin of the Ball,"**

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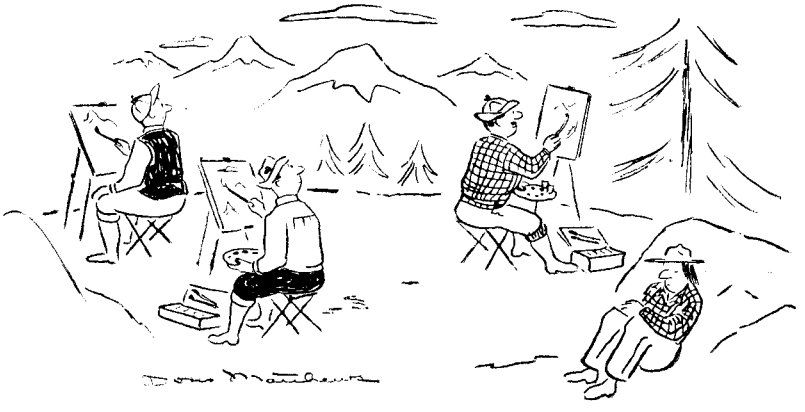
by the incomparable Mr. Tilden, who has authored a number of valuable tennis tomes; and **"Origins and Mysteries of Lawn Tennis,"** which was written in 1932 by Malcolm Whitman, a member of the first United States Davis Cup team.

Books on fishing are not quite so hard to come by as those on tennis, but there have been only a handful that have weathered the test of time. Ray Bergman, a widely recognized authority on fresh-water fishing, has two entries, both of which will probably have long lives. One, **"Fresh-Water Bass"** (Knopf, $5), was first published in 1942. It says pretty much everything there is to say about the species and gives expert advice on how to catch them. The other, **"Trout"** (Knopf, $7.50), has been revised and enlarged this year. It first came out in 1938 and is about the best book on this type of fishing ever published. The new edition really looks definitive, and is beautifully illustrated with color plates.

"Salt Water Fishing," by Van Campen Heilner (Knopf, $7.50), first presented to the public in 1937, has been revised and enlarged this year. Heilner is to salt water what Bergman is to fresh water and he gives you a thorough and lucid briefing on how to catch everything from marlin to flounder. The book is handsomely illustrated and contains a magnanimous introduction by Ernest Hemingway, an accomplished angler in his own right, as the Pulitzer people recently acknowledged.

As sort of a change of pace, you might try Charles Elliott's new one, **"Gone Fishin"** (Stackpole Co., $5), containing amusing and highly readable fish stories based on the author's own experiences in some of the best fishing holes in the country. Elliott is a veteran angler and accomplished raconteur. Not to disappoint the ladies, there is a new one for them, **"Fishing for Women,"** by Eugene Burns (A. S. Barnes, $1.75), with photos by Clyde Childress. This tells women about the necessary equipment to bring along and what clothes to wear, as well as something about angling (a practice they're already pretty adept at). A very specialized new work is I. S. Ivanovic's **"Spear-fishing"** (A. S. Barnes, $1.50). If you are particularly interested in stalking fish in goggles, wearing flippers on your feet, and carrying a harpoon gun in hand, then this is your meat.

The craze for underwater activity of this type seems to have taken the play away from plain, old, ordinary books on swimming. There was Captain J.-Y. Cousteau's best-selling



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"The Silent World" (Harper, $4), out earlier this year, and more recently such esoteric items as **"Manta,"** by Hans Hass (Rand McNally, $4.50), which tells of a one-man expedition underwater and an encounter with the huge manta ray; and **"The Undersea Adventure,"** by Philippe Diole (Julian Messner, $4.50).

However, if you are just learning how to swim and aren't yet ready for harpoon guns and manta rays, there are a number of old reliables to fall back on. One of these is entitled, simply, **"Swimming,"** by Bob Kiphuth, the very successful swim coach of a perennially successful Yale swim team (A. S. Barnes, $1.75). The emphasis here is on teaching people of all ages, regardless of skill, how to swim. It also goes into competitive swimming from a team point of view. Kiphuth is very thorough, analyzing everything from the actual strokes to out-of-water conditioning, and it is one of the most durable basic texts in print.

"Swimming the Easy Way," by Matt Mann, Michigan State swim coach, and Charles C. Fries (Prentice-Hall, $2.95), is a facile book that lives pretty much up to its title and is especially good for rank beginners. The U.S. Navy is well represented, as is only proper, by an uncommonly fine volume called **"Swimming and Diving"** (A. S. Barnes, $5), prepared first during World War II by members of the Navy's V-5 training program, and revised in 1950. And if you're interested in 1952 Olympic swimming results, get hold of the **"Official Swimming Handbook,"** published by the Amateur Athletic Union, which sells for $1. In addition to the Olympic results, it lists the official rules for swimming, diving, water polo, etc., along with intercollegiate records and other miscellaneous information. It is available in most sporting goods stores.

A summer sport which perhaps appeals to a more select audience is sailing, but you would never know it judging from the number of books published on the subject. David Klein is out with a valuable book for newcomers to the sport, **"Your First Boat"** with the subtitle "How to Choose It, How to Use It" (Wilfred Funk, $2.95) Mr. Klein discusses outboards, inboards, canoes, rowboats, and sailing craft and is particularly good at telling how to go about purchasing a boat.

"Sailing to Win," by Robert N. Baviar, Jr. (Dodd, Mead, $4), is a revised version of a more advanced book on the art and covers such advanced subjects as selecting a boat, tuning, training a crew, rules, tactics, care of hull and sails, etc. It would seem to be a handy manual for the more experienced, and well-heeled, nautical man.

For beginners, **"Start 'Em Sailing,"** by Gordon C. Aymar (A. S. Barnes, $2.50), is one of the best. It starts with you walking down to the boat and takes you right through to where you can skipper your own craft. Each step is illustrated with bell-ringing photographs. Another notable primer is **"How to Sail,"** by Carl D. Lane (Norton, $3), which attacks the basic principles involved in keeping your boat rightside up.

Aubade

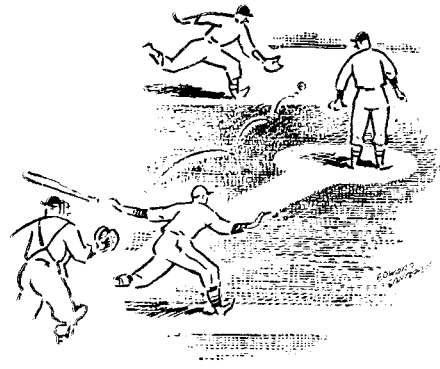
By Maurice Browning Cramer

THE rain from the mountain sky no longer is falling
As the soft gray dawn of June and New Hampshire takes over.
In the open meadow a white-throated sparrow is calling
That the day will be keen as a knife though sweeter than clover.

Wherever there's water, silent in pool or seething
In torrent, the veery is turning his whispering wheel
Of sound (that antiphonal, husky, melodious breathing)
With spokes of silver and rim of resonant steel.

Higher than all, where the hillside spruces are dark
Among maples and pines, a hermit thrush is now sprinkling
The valley with fragments of song, each note like a spark
On the wind ever faint and remote, yet persistently twinkling.

As firefly moments are made from both darkness and brightness,
These moments of sparrow and veery and thrush are the chime
Of silence and sound in mutual, stately politeness: —
What more need be said of this spot of place and of time?



Books on Sport

THE following checklist of sports and outdoor books, compiled by Siegfried Mandel, supplements the survey provided by Mr. Silverman in the preceding article. A listing of books on baseball was given in *SR* April 11.

Golf

HERE'S HOW TO PLAY MONEY GOLF. By Morie Morrison. New York: Doubleday & Co. $1.75.

The necessary psychological approach to good golfing is humorously discussed and engagingly cartooned by a popular sports writer.

NATURAL GOLF. By Sam Snead. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $3.

One of the top money-players of the game talks fascinating shop and retells the highlights of his career accompanied by press photographs. Enthusiasts should find this self-analysis and display of resourcefulness a matter for thought and profit.

Camping

CANOE CAMPING. By Carle W. Handel. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $3.

If you're inclined to toss a pack into a canoe and shove off for some wilderness, Mr. Handel, a professional guide himself, provides detailed tips on how to use a canoe, live off the land, and how to get the most out of this wilderness sport.

CAMPING FOR ALL IT IS WORTH. By William E. Swanson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.95.

A practical guide to outdoor recreation by way of field, stream, and forest that stresses camping for enjoyment.

WOODSMOKE. By Ellsworth Jaeger. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.95.

Having spent years among various Indian tribes, the present curator of

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the Buffalo Museum of Science has a fund of outdoor experience both ingenious and practical. Catching and cooking fish, striking shelter, stalking and luring animals are discussed and illustrated by the author.

Horse-Riding

HORSES AND MEN. Edited by Jack Creamer. New York: Coward-McCann. $4.

Twenty-two stories that take a variety of horses—flat racers, hunters, westerners, pygmy, steeple-chasers—through a dramatic set of paces that make them appear more human than humans.

BALANCE AND THE HORSE. By W. E. Lyon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

A balanced seat, jumping, and training of the horse are discussed in simple terms for equestrians.

COMMON SENSE HORSEMANSHIP. By Vladimir S. Littauer. New York: D. Van Nostrand. $7.50.

A teacher of modern riding gives pointers to beginners, hunters, and those wishing to acquire equestrian polish. There is also advice on schooling horses.

RIDING AND SCHOOLING HORSES. By Harry D. Chamberlin. New York: D. Van Nostrand. $5.

The author has made his reputation in international competition and now explains the subject in practical terms. Material on jumping is the strong point here.

Shooting

THE MODERN REMINGTON FIREARMS GUIDE. By Burr Leyson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.95.

Gun enthusiasts are provided with complete details on the performance and handling of Remington shoulder arms.

SCATTERGUNNING. By Ray P. Holland. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

An expert wing shot advises how to hunt and bag any and all American game birds after learning about their habits and haunts.

THE BIG GAME RIFLE. By Jack O'Connor. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

Big game hunting from white-tailed deer to rhinoceros requires expert knowledge to rifles and Mr. O'Connor describes rifle construction and use

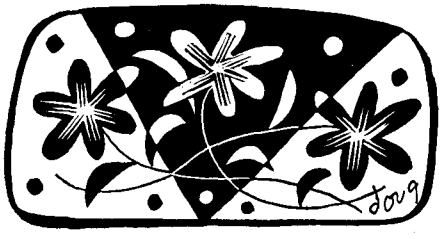
(*Continued on page* 45)

NEW EDITIONS

Epoch Without Medicine

KNOPF has reprinted the first volume of Egon Friedell's three-volume work, "A Cultural History of the Modern Age" ($6), with an introductory essay by Alfred Polgar; and I hope the other volumes will be reissued soon. For such stimulating reading should not be suffered to remain out of circulation. History as composed by the doctor of philosophy who was one of Max Reinhardt's actors—the "drinker, hell-raiser, and merrymaker of Falstaffian format," the "dilettante in the grand manner" of Mr. Polgar's introduction—was no dryasdust traffic with the past, but an exciting, theatrical adventure of the imagination among facts and possibilities.

Friedell knew how to dress his stage and people it with dramatic characters; the dominant color of his scenes is not the gray of theory but the green of life; his ideas and crotchets, whatever their relation to truth, are always vital—sometimes they are as lively as a dancing mountebank, sometimes they strike one with the force of an unexpected blow. Friedell's first volume carried him from the Black Death of 1348—the hour of sickness in which modern Europe was conceived—to the outbreak of the Thirty Years War, which had to run its course before the history of the modern age, as opposed to its prehistory, could really begin. According to Friedell, it was the triumph of Nominalism, with its dual function of denial and affirmation, that lowered the curtain on the great act of the Middle Ages. "The Renaissance," he assures us, "was the second and true Fall of man, as the Reformation was his second and perhaps definitive exclusion from Paradise." Our modern age is the age of rationalism; but the supremacy of reason, which has been our pride and ruin, will some day be seen as only a brief interlude between the irrationalism of the Middle Ages and the irrationalism of the future. "The victory of man over nature—that is the tune which rings out the life of Faust; and that same tune, too, closes the tragedy of our age." These are not unfamiliar ideas, but Friedell expressed them with unsurpassed vigor and audacity. His work is fissured by large contradictions, and scarred by small ones; but he is a first-rate thinking companion, no matter how often he disagrees with himself, no matter how often we disagree with him. It should be added that Charles Francis Atkinson's translation from the German reads easily and well.



THREE other hefty new editions from Knopf are Frederick Law Olmstead's "The Cotton Kingdom" ($6.75), with an introduction by Arthur M. Schlessinger—the first edition of this famous source-book to be published since 1862; "Personality in Nature, Society, and Culture" ($8), edited by Clyde Kluckholm, Henry A. Murray, and David M. Schneider; and Van Campen Heilner's "Salt Water Fishing" $7.70), revised and enlarged, with new illustrations and a preface by Hemingway. Olmstead's "observations" give us a view of the South, just before the Civil War, that has all the freshness and immediacy of a personal day-by-day, mile-by-mile journey. It is the work of a reporter with sharp eyes and open ears, an economic survey—enlivened by descriptions, interviews, and anecdotes—that exposed the true character of the Southern system; a system which, in Professor Schlesinger's words, "enslaved the white man almost as much as the black, yielding advantages to each incommensurate with the disadvantages." Olmstead has long been mined with profit by historians; he should now be met with pleasure by a new generation of readers. "Personality" is at once limited in its appeal and vast in its scope. Its appeal is to those who are seriously interested in the social sciences; its scope embraces nothing less than "the relation of the individual to his society," and, when we realize that this means all individuals in all societies, we can easily understand how the forty-six papers (thirteen new) in this second edition can exhibit so many strategies of scientific approach and so fascinating a variety of subject matter. Heilner's book is a remarkably handsome volume for those who love big-game fishing, for those who like to see their exploits recorded in striking photographs, and for those who like merely to read about the sport.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Mozart Opera, But Not an Opera by Mozart

HOW a Mozart opera can differ from an opera by Mozart was vividly demonstrated when the Lemonade Opera Company in New York's Greenwich Village gave us the chance to hear the work called "Don Pedro," which had its first showing anywhere in Zurich last year. By the word of its compiler, Hans Erismann, all the music is derived from uncompleted opera scores, concert arias, etc., of Mozart, and much of it shows the master hand. But it remains a pastiche, a melange, a potpourri for lack of the one thing that Mozart wrote into his great works: character delineation, dramatic motivation, portraiture through music.

Obviously, there could be no consecutive thread of style or dramatic contrast in a work made up of bits and pieces; the amazing thing is the limited interest conveyed by the individual elements, pretty as they are. Here is an interesting if unintentional perspective on the whole of Mozart's contribution to opera: not the beautiful melodies, the fluid contrasts, not even the sparkling ensembles (the second act one of this work is no mean piece of itself) — simply the power to make a Figaro, an Almaviva, a Don Giovanni or Donna Anna, Fiordilligi or Dorabella into recognizable human beings rather than the puppets we meet in "Don Pedro."

Intentionally or otherwise, "Don Pedro" amounts to an indoor version of "Don Giovanni," or "Figaro," with the Count, rather than Figaro, scheming a marriage. Pedro is a roué who has chosen a young wife in order to acquire a legal heir before it is too late; the girl's father wants to trade her off, like Faninal his Sophie in "Rosenkavalier," but with a view to replenishing his family fortune rather than acquiring prestige. There is a full household of scheming servants who make for time-consuming intrigue, and a little oil of humor to ease the creaking plot.

An orchestral score played on two pianos is scarcely the way to hear any opera, but it may be said for Sheldon Soffer, who conducted, that he could hardly have taken more trouble with a pit full of the Vienna Philharmonic. Likewise, the aim of musical execution was consistently high, though no member of the cast of fifteen was conspicuous by singing too well. Lewis Brooks as Don Pedro and Edward Wellman as Don Alvaro gave evidence of the most experience, Carol Donn was a pretty if sometime shrill-sounding Luisita, and James Stover sang the love songs of Florindo plaintively. Deborah Alden (Laurina) and Robert Goss (Valente) might also be marked for future reference. Max Leavitt's direction minimized the disadvantages of the tiny stage, though he could hardly make one indifferent to them. Altogether the Lemonade Opera's "Don Pedro" is valuable for showing what made Mozart a great operatic figure — if rather by what is missing than what is present.

Record Week

THE appearance of four new versions of Beethoven's forbidding "Hammerklavier" sonata (opus 106) to join those already on LP—two more, at least—invites one to a Cyrano-like variety of attitudes: a) jocular, b) astonished, c) quizzical, etc. But when one has listened to them successively, heard the efforts applied by Wilhelm Kempff (Decca DL 9579, $5.85), Egon Petri (Columbia ML 4479, $5.45), Wilhelm Backhaus (London LL 602, $5.95), and Solomon (RCA Victor LM 1733, $5.72) to this awesome task while refreshing the memory of previous issues of Friedrich Gulda (London LL 422, $5.95) and Mieczyslaw Horszowski (Vox 670, $5.95), one must abandon all tempting digressions in a wholesome respect for the purpose and artistry embodied in every one of them.

To be sure, there are levels of success in measuring to the challenge; but the overriding fact is that there is not a vain, insensitive, or unworthy performance in the lot. In a large sense, the variation in recorded quality has no bearing on the ultimate judgment: the best sound, on the whole, belongs to London, but the Columbia, Vox, Decca, and RCA are quite good enough, other factors being equal. Victor offers the most value per dollar by stretching its first side to a thirty-four minute gargantua embodying the first three movements, and adding the opus 81a ("Les Adieux") sonata as bonus on side two. The Kempff version omits the repetition in the first movement accepted as mandatory by all the others. Both London versions and the Vox break the adagio between the two sides, thus nullifying a prime virtue of LP—continuity. The Columbia, offering nothing else, and the RCA, offering another work, show this to be unnecessary.

When the Gulda version first appeared, I was impressed by the resource of this young Viennese in the face of a monumental problem (*SR* January 26, '52) and I still am. But the plain evidence is that there is no substitute for the kind of seasoned artistry presented most abundantly by Kempff, Backhaus, and Petri, in lesser degree by Horszowski, in much lesser by Solomon. The first three (and

Wild Cherry

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

THE lot would be no loss, the slender stand
Of wild black cherry springing of themselves
In twos and threes, in sevens and in twelves,
Stigmata of uncultivated land.

The lot's no good—better to have the money:
Fruit suited merely to a bird's quick need,
Even the blossom very small indeed
From which a bee takes only token honey.

Brittle but obdurate the grove had stood
Against the wind, or sprung again in haste
To mend its numbers, equalize the waste,
Working the simple sum as best it could.

But there's an algebra no tree can battle
Where the unknown is wealth instead of weather.
Remember well: the bloom was only feather,
And do not weep a woodland-in-the-little.

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Horszowski) are united to this extent: what slithers by—if infrequently—as a mere succession of notes in the version of Solomon is always related to a basic plan in the versions of the others. Kempff understands the fugue best of all; Backhaus has a superlative feeling for the slow movement, but not the finger strength, at this point of his career, to carry off the first movement (or the fugue) with appropriate power; Horszowski puts forth the most admirable kind of intellectual effort, but that indispensable element of personality which converts a lecture into an exhortation doesn't emerge.

THE quality that gives pre-eminence to Petri is best demonstrated within the first minutes of the forty minute work. That is his grasp of the large plan of the first movement by which the repetition mentioned above becomes not a mere mechanical extension of length, but an integral part of Beethoven's purpose. This is no simple matter, for the text is identical. But he has evolved a state of mind toward it which is valid, in terms of what Beethoven notated, and suggestive in terms of what is left to the performer's instinct. Kempff skirts this problem by plunging straight ahead, avoiding the repetition entirely; Backhaus does not come to grips with the issue because his physical powers simply cannot be considered adequate for the first movement or the fugue.

Withal, the Petrí performance leaves something to be desired (as all do in varying degrees). His stumbling block is the scherzo, in which he provides some odd accentuations not sanctioned by the score. Taken all together, however, this performance combines more heart and muscle, more brain and spirit than any of the others, and will, I think, give the most enduring satisfaction. The sound is not particularly bright, resonant, or ear-filling, but it remains a clean, believable likeness of a rather monochromatic original.

Those attracted by the unquestionable dollar-value of the RCA coupling are entitled to know what they may expect. Solomon's piano prowess is beyond cavil, and it ripples most persuasively in the "Les Adieux." But the same kind of rippling surface in the "Hammerklavier" tends to make an exercise in dexterity of a work which must, in the first instance, be an emotional experience or nothing. Though I was not born when Melba was trying to sing Brünnhilde it must have been something like this: a diamond cutter trying to work in granite.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

TV AND RADIO

Fireside Chit Chat

RECENTLY television came up with a new program, "Meet the Prez," produced and directed by Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne, an advertising agency which somebody has said sounds like a ball falling downstairs.

This time the ball was carried by President Eisenhower with four members of his Cabinet brooking no interference as a panel of experts. It was a spontaneous, well-rehearsed program and let it be said at once that the moderator has come a long way from the pilot film he kinescoped a year or so ago in Abilene, Kansas, when he stood in his drenched trenchcoat, with the rain streaming down his steel-framed glasses, and auditioned for the part which later he won by wide acclaim.

His sincerity, honesty of purpose, and eagerness to serve which came through then are still all there. Added to these is the know-how of BBD and O, the Madison avenue experts who have given us such television successes as "The Hit Parade," "Cavalcade of America," and the Dodger ball games.

Looking fit and dapper, the President in the role of the leader the people expect him to be was glib and authoritative and so conversant with his subject that he radiated a hopeful, almost ebullient, confidence which must have been felt in millions of homes. And that effect was created not so much by the script as by the production and direction, which were top drawer.

Slick is the word for the BBD and O job, as the half-hour clipped along with pace and movement, with props, with camera shots from the President to his Cabinet members and back again. The President sat and spoke. He arose and walked to a basket of letters—three thousand a day, he said he received. Here I thought BBD and O could have taken a license. In these days of astronomical Government budgets, three thousand seemed a pittance. Even telephone numbers have five figures.

The President followed the direction he had been given with ease and grace. He chose a letter at random from the top of the pile. He took out his spectacle case—gone the steel-rimmed glasses, in their place the heavy black frames becoming the highest executive. He read the letter. He seated himself again and spoke with an infectious sincerity about the problems he faced and called upon a member of his Cabinet to explain one of the problems and to offer a suggestion of how he anticipated solving it.

The camera went to the Cabinet member. He too was prepared not just to sit there and stare. He reached under his desk and pulled out a chart. He spoke to the people, deferring to his chief with an occasional sidelong glance off camera. Back to the President who picked up his cue with alacrity and then cued his Cabinet member into another angle of the problem under discussion. Back to the Cabinet member—back again to the President. Back and forth—slick and professional.

AND so it went for a fast and intriguing half-hour. It was like a look behind the scenes at what people liked to think was our Government at work. And it was warmly comforting to contemplate a Government which worked so smoothly, with such precision and with barely a miscue. It was television selling the Government to the people, a new product on the market only five months. Thanks to its chief announcer it was solid sell for thirty minutes.

Whether the pace can be sustained in subsequent shows is problematical. Perhaps it would be best to slow down a bit. Everything moved with such rapidity, lines were spoken so glibly and often masked with camera shots and props that the gist of the dialogue was sometimes lost.

A White House stenographer was reported to have said that while Franklin D. Roosevelt spoke at the rate of about a hundred words a minute, the speakers on the new show went along at about 200 words a minute. And often during the performance it did seem as if the talk was double.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Careful, Sir!

—From "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms."

The Beast disturbs the peace—"emerging at the Fulton Fish Market."

WILLIAM H. PINE and William C. Thomas, two gentlemen who produce motion pictures for Paramount, recently wrote a piece for *The New York Times* in which they explained some of the theoretical concepts behind the filming of **"Sangaree,"** the latest movie to enter the 3-D sweepstakes. One intriguing paragraph it might be worthwhile to quote in its entirety: "As examples of how we have used 3-D to heighten the effect of certain dramatic scenes, there is the mob sequence in which the frenzied people, fearing the spread of the plague from the warehouse, threw flaming torches into the building, setting it afire. A torch is thrown right into the audience and it is followed by flames licking out from the burning building. Again, as the climax to the fight scene in the tavern, Lamas, whose back is to the camera, is thrown into the audience. A bottle, thrown at a shelf of liquor on the wall, breaks, showering broken glass and flying whiskey into the audience."

Messrs. Pine and Thomas, it seems to me, may well be violating the American principle of fair play with all this reckless throwing around, and I doubt that they are gauging the true temper of the American audience. How long is a man supposed to sit and take it when flaming torches are thrown at him? Is anything made available to throw back? Suppose the American public were to take things into their own hands, like arm rests of the seats, or usherettes? Certainly Pine and Thomas must know that dashing whiskey into a man's face is a dastardly insult, especially by Hollywood's movie standards. But tossing Fernando Lamas at us is the last straw, as far as 3-D has gone yet in this direction, and it amounts to a clear-cut invasion of privacy. Legal recourse may be necessary for some. As for myself, I have developed a method of rendering the attacks harmless. When I sense that a certain dramatic sequence is about to be heightened I immediately remove my polaroid viewers, upon which all becomes an oblong, if somewhat stereophonic, blur. This sense of climax I intend to develop.

As for the more harmless elements of "Sangaree," it struck me as the kind of movie meant primarily for easy forgetting. Somewhere outside Savannah, in the years immediately following the Revolutionary War, there was a house called Sangaree. To that house comes Fernando Lamas,

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and in the house is Arlene Dahl. They have some sort of conflict about who will run their father's estate; meanwhile piracy is going on, a plague is about to break out. Finally, the identity of the pirates discovered, the plague overcome, the differences ironed out, Fernando and Arlene marry. All details, other than these, have neatly skipped my mind.

* * *

"Pickup on South" (Twentieth Century-Fox) employs Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter in a yarn about a pickpocket who runs afoul of a Communist spy ring, a pretty girl, and an elderly lady stool-pigeon who sells neckties on the side. All three, it is made clear, are ideologically opposed to Communism, and they patriotically stop their pick-pocketing, stool-pigeoning, and other unsavory activities until the menace is overcome. The Communist agent is eventually ground to death under the wheels of a subway train and Widmark avoids being sent to prison for life (for his fourth criminal offense) and is instead able to marry Miss Peters. The lady stool-pigeon, for some rather mystical reason, is murdered by the Communist spy. As far as the technique used to tell the story, lurid is probably the best word for it.

* * *

"Scared Stiff" (Paramount), another in the series of Martin and Lewis movies, shows them dealing with gangsters, ghosts, and zombies in a haunted house in Cuba. Dean and Jerry are as frenetic as ever, they have time for their usual routines and a lively encounter with Carmen Miranda, and the film is unreservedly recommended for all under nine years old, as well as those who appreciate the gamut of jokes about haunted houses.

* * *

The source for **"The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms"** was a story by Ray Bradbury, whom many consider one of the contemporary masters of the science-fiction genre. Warner Brothers has not been too masterful with its screenplay, but they have allowed their special effects craftsmen to have a field day. Ray Harryhausen and Willis Cook have constructed a prehistoric monster twice as large as any hitherto known to the experts of The Museum of Natural History. That is, the beast photographs that size. Anyway, the creature, after being revived from a 100,000,000-year deep freeze by some atomic blasting done in the Arctic region, swims leisurely towards New York, crunching fishing boats, lighthouses, and seaside cottages on its way. Upon arrival at New York it emerges, with charming appropriateness, at the Fulton Fish Market, then starts ambling up the canyons of Wall Street. Since the monster is obviously hostile, the people terrified, emergency measures are called for. Machine gun bullets fail to dent its hide, but it is wounded by a bazooka shell. This wound is important, for the blood dripping on the pavement, in great globs, spreads a mysterious plague, capable of wiping out the city. Obviously, science is not to have this prize specimen alive. Nor can ordinary methods be used to kill it, since disease germs would spread through the air.

They would, that's all. Well, a handsome scientist cleverly comes up with the idea of shooting a radioactive isotope into the wound. This is accomplished with a grenade rifle from the top of a roller-coaster structure in Coney Island. Tail thrashing, weird groans arising from it, the monster subsides to its eternal rest. I somehow felt sorry for the poor beast, but then I generally tend to sympathize with the underdog.

—Hollis Alpert.

SR Recommends

Julius Caesar: A magnificent setting of the Shakespeare tragedy, with Sir John Gielgud as Cassius in the van of a cast glittering with electricity and passion. (*SR* June 6.)

The Juggler: A wanderer's struggle to fit into the alien homeland of Israel; title role superbly acted by Kirk Douglas. (*SR* May 9.)

Man on a Tightrope: A tense chronicle, scripted by Robert E. Sherwood, of the escape of a Czech circus troupe from Iron-Curtainland. (*SR* May 30.)

Shane: Another superior Western, with screenplay by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., a rewarding performance by Alan Ladd, and magnificent scenery by Technicolor. (*SR* May 2.)

Call Me Madam: The uninhibited Ethel Merman in an engaging movie adaptation of the stage show. (*SR* Apr. 4.)

Lili Waif Leslie Caron takes up with some French carnival puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)

Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

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DISTINCTION AND DISTINCTIONS

IN THE Central Children's Room of the New York Public Library during the month of April the American Institute of Graphic Arts held an exhibit of children's books in the USA 1920-53 from the point of view of bookmaking. It was an absorbing show, tastefully organized. It could well be displayed abroad for all countries to look at and admire.

In which case, some oversights should, in our opinion, be corrected. We are thinking particularly of "The Sun, the Moon and the Rabbit" (Sheed, 1933), by Amelia Martinez del Rio, illustrated by Jean Charlot, and "The Seven Simeons" (Viking, 1937), retold by Boris Artzybasheff, both outstanding pieces of work. A catalog of the Book Show can be had for 25¢.

The awards of the *New York Herald Tribune* for Spring 1953 went to the following: For picture books: "Pet of the Met," by Lydia and Don Freeman (Viking). For 8 to 12 group: "Captain Ramsay's Daughter," by Elizabeth Fraser Torjesen (Lothrop, Lee and Shephard Co.). For older boys and girls: "The Ark," by Margot Benary-Isbert (Harcourt, Brace). Honor books: Picture books: "A Bear Named Grumms," by Bessie F. White, illustrated by Sari (Houghton Mifflin). "The Journey of Josiah Talltatters," by Josephine Balfour Payne and Joan Balfour Payne (Ariel). "A Hero by Mistake," by Anita Brenner, illustrated by Jean Charlot (William R. Scott). "When the Moon Is New," by Laura Bannon, illustrated by the author (A. Whitman). 8 to 12 group: "All Alone," by Claire Huchet Bishop, illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky (Viking). "Martin Luther," by May McNeer Ward and Lynd Ward (Abingdon). "The First Book of Space Travel," by Jeanne Bendick, illustrated by the author (Watts). "The School Train," by Helen Acker, illustrated by Janet Smalley (Abelard). Older boys and girls: "Ready or Not," by Mary Stolz (Harper). "Girl Trouble," by James L. Summers (Westminster). "The Story of People," by May Edel, illustrated by Herbert Danska (Little, Brown). "William Crawford Gorgas," by Beryl Williams and Samuel Epstein (Messner).

—CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF NATURAL HISTORY. By Bertha Morris Parker. New York: Simon & Schuster. 216 *pp.* $5.

This large book, lavishly illustrated in color, is not only a "first geology," but a first natural history of plants and animals, birds, fish, snakes, and insects. It would be a valuable volume to send to foreign countries where there are few good books for boys and girls, because the pictures tell so much even without the text. The text, however, is well worth reading. It is an authentic, seriously written story of the things that live and grow on the earth and in the sea. It has a full index that makes it an easy matter to find the plant or animal that you are seeking. The illustrations are from Row, Peterson Company's Basic Science Education Series and from the Golden Nature Guides. It was published in October 1952. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

ROCKS, RIVERS AND THE CHANGING EARTH. A first book about geology. By Herman and Nina Schneider. With illustrations by Edwin Herron. New York: William R. Scott. 181 *pp.* $3.

This last year-book tells clearly and vividly of many things that we all take for granted: the record written by time and the elements on a tiny pebble, on the contour of the hill that rises behind your house, the effect on the earth's surface of the brooks and rivers that flow always to the sea, the elements coming from the bottom of the sea that help to make our blood and bones. Simple experiments illustrated with excellent drawings make it all easy to understand. It is the story of the earth, as it was, as it is, and as it will be. —M. G. D.

THE SUN. By Herbert S. Zim. Illustrated by Larry Kettelkampf. New York: William Morrow & Co. No pp. $2.

A new addition to Dr. Zim's remarkable series of science picture books. Simple, clear, accurate text is set forth in large print, and the numerous drawings themselves are eloquent explanations of the astonishing facts disclosed in that book which youngsters from eight on can appreciate.

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE. By Mary Walsh. Pictures by Helene Carter. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 48 *pp.* $2.

Quiet Waters, Running Waters, The Coastline, The Ocean: a wealth of information which reads easily because the prose is rhythmical and the words extremely well chosen. Children from eight to twelve will gather a lot of knowledge unwittingly and they will enjoy the neat and detailed pictures and maps.

SCIENCE FOR ALL. Edited by T. J. Hogg. New York: Roy. 225 *pp.* $3.

This is an English import, citing authorities on many branches of science, astronomy, geology, physics, botany, zoology, human physiology. There is one long chapter on the

—By Helene Carter for "Water, Water Everywhere."

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evolution of modern man. It is more of a review package than an introduction book for teen-agers. But the young have mysterious ways of discovering the world in encyclopedias. The eighty illustrations and hundred diagrams may send a covey of boys and girls to a natural history museum to find out more.

—Ernestine Evans.

RICHES FROM THE EARTH. By Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton. New York: John Day, 159 *pp.* $2.75.

This book is treasure trove; find it and you are suddenly enriched with historical survey, a swift revelation down the ages of tools and minerals, stones of all kinds, aluminum, coal, mercury, gold, clay, lead, graphite, and salt. Iron and steel, mica, sand and gravel; oil, sulphur, and uranium! Too many books are a pile of facts, whereas this one, well illustrated by the authors with their own drawings, gives a long view of history, and all the differences to peoples possession of national natural resources has made. "Riches from the Earth" flows like a first-rate film divulging how men who have understood the use of minerals have produced civilizations. Copper, talc, and soapstone—each has its story. Do you know what a flux is? What price copper in war and peace? What is antimony? A good book for anybody from age eight on.

—E. E.

THE JUNIOR BOOK OF INSECTS. By Edwin Way Teale. New York: Dutton. 249 *pp.* $3.75.

This is a welcome sixth edition of a book that is already famous with boys and girls, with photographers and with naturalists here and abroad. "No more frontiers," sigh too many people, and, in both desperation and curiosity, take to space travel, when the world of insects lies all about us, right here to be studied. Beetle hunting, the making of insect aquariums, the keeping of bees, the building of ant houses, the collecting of butterflies, the making of camera portraits of insects whose life cycles are still mysterious and unrecorded by scientists are all part of this book. In every direction of the insect world lie roads of discovery.

—E. E.

JUAN OF PARICUTIN. By Marion Isabelle Whitney. Austin, Texas: The Steck Company. 165 *pp.* $2.

The story of the birth of the volcano Paricutin in Mexico in 1943. The author, who is a geologist, went to see it. There, as she pursued her scientific observations, she was carried away by the sheer beauty of the natural and rarely seen phenomena. At the same time she came to know the people of the nearby village and made friends with them.

All these elements she attempts to bring together in a sufficiently simple way to interest children from ten on. She has a great deal to say, but somehow does not seem to have quite succeeded in mastering the technique necessary to get it across to a child. Right from the start the book is bogged down with a preface and acknowledgments. Then, reading it, one keeps wishing either a straight scientific book for children had been made or just a story of the little boy Juan with his donkey, Macho. This is too bad in view of the fact that Miss Whitney's scientific (and artistic) observations are fascinating and her appreciation of the village people very real.

TREES AND TRAILS. By Clarence F. Hylander. New York: The Macmillan Company. 237 *pp.* $3.

This is one of the most comprehensive and certainly the most interesting book about American trees, both native and imported, that this reviewer has ever seen. It treats the trees as if they were people, settling in different parts of North America, giving the forests and meadows of North, South, East, and West their own individual characteristics. The beautiful photographs and delicate line drawings make it possible to identify each species easily, if one looks beyond the obvious. The story of how each tree is propagated—the development of each seed-bearing flower, nut, or cone—is told so clearly and so well that it is fascinating to read. There is something spacious and refreshing about this history of our trees, this voyage of discovery on our woodland trails. From the great sequoias in the Yosemite Valley to the bald cypress trees in Florida, from the pine and spruce of Northern Maine to the magnolia of Louisiana we meet and learn to know them all.

—M. G. D.

THE TREE ON THE ROAD TO TURNTOWN. By Glenn O. Blough. Pictures by Jeanne Bendick. New York: Whittlesey House. 48 *pp.* $2.

This story of an oak tree, from the tiny acorn to the sturdy planks that make ships and bridges, is in the form of a picture book with bold line drawings in black-and-white and touches of bright red and green.

—By Jeanne Bendick from "The Tree on the Road to Turntown."

The acorn was dropped on the road to Turntown by Skipp on a summer's day when he was walking along with his dog, Rip. Summer turned into autumn, autumn into winter, winter into spring before the hidden seed in the acorn began its journey to light and air. From then on the growth of the tree is told, simply and effectively, bringing in the birds and flowers, the little field animals that would naturally be his friends. This is a good book to take on a summer vacation. The trees will mean more after one reads this story of one particular tree.

—M. G. D.

PETER'S LONG WALK. By Lee Kingman. Pictures by Barbara Cooney. Garden City: Doubleday & Co. 49 *pp.* $2.50.

Peter lived on a farm, a long walk from the village. In spite of the fact that he had a dog, three ducks, and three sheep, he was lonely. When he was five years old—his mother told him—he could go to school. So the day after his fifth birthday Peter got up very early and walked along the road that led to the village and school. It was summer, not September, and a kind old caretaker told Peter that the other children would not come back until school began. So Peter had to walk the long, long walk back to the farm. But when he got home there at the gate patiently waiting for him were the dog, the cat, the three ducks and a baby duck, the three sheep and a baby lamb. Peter was not lonely anymore.

Barbara Cooney drawings, touched lightly with clear color, are charming. The little wild animals that greeted Peter on his way through the woods, the pretty village with its comfortable houses and colorful gardens, the snug little farmhouse, and Peter's nice mother in her blue dress and white apron are all thoroughly satisfactory. This is a very attractive picture-story book.

—M. G. D.

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Belles-Lettres

Continued from page 23

work "An Introduction to Eighteenth Century Drama." His accent is on the plays themselves. Taking as his subject twenty-six playwrights, he devotes himself to a brief discussion of their lives and literary reputations, and far lengthier analyses of their works. In dispensing almost entirely with footnotes and bibliographical apparatus, he is evidently appealing to the "common reader," but George Nettleton has already provided a sufficient guidebook through the maze of eighteenth-century drama, and Mr. Boas's account is, for the most part, a twice-told tale. Had he infused his account with more of the color of the period and devoted less time to detailed plot outlines, his study might have a wider appeal. Had he enlivened it with fresh historical or critical perceptions, it might have had a greater attraction for the scholar and specialist.

As might be expected, the chapters on such major figures as Farquhar, Goldsmith, and Sheridan are the least rewarding; their material so commonplace as to add little to the knowledge and appreciation of them. The book is of far greater interest in its account of minor figures such as Isaac Bickerstaff, John Dennis, and Henry Carey. The section on Henry Fielding, whose farces are so often overlooked, is also a stimulating one. In portions such as these the book has genuine interest, and doubtless it will serve as a welcome source of reference on minor dramatic authors. Students will also gratefully welcome the detailed analyses of plays both familiar and unfamiliar. But on the whole the book is a disappointment. In electing too broad and superficial a treatment of his subject, the author has unnecessarily limited both his own talents and the pleasure of his readers.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

POISON-PEN POETS

Poets do not invariably chant of meadow-larks, or drop bays on admired brows. Sometimes they let go with bricks, as in these violent and virulent apostrophes selected by Rt. Rev. Msgr. John K. Ryan of Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C. On a basis of five points for each insultee and five for each insulter, a score of sixty is commendable, seventy praiseworthy, and eighty or better cause for large self-congratulation. Answers: Page 45.

1. Kicking you seems the common lot of curs—
   While more appropriate greeting lends you grace:
   Surely to spit there glorifies your face.
2. An upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygres heart wrapt in a player's hyde supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you.
3. Why did all manly gifts in ———— fail?
   He wrote on Nature's grandest brow *For Sale*.
4. What profits now to understand
   The merits of a spotless shirt—
   A dapper boot—a little hand—
   If half the little soul is dirt?
5. "God save the King!" It is a large economy
   In God to save the like.
6. A Petty, Sneaking Knave I knew—
   O! Mr. ————, how do ye do?
7. In friendship false, implacable in hate,
   Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
8. Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
   And without sneering teach the rest to sneer.
9. ———— ———— whose peculiar fad
   It was to call God murderous,
   Which further led that feverish cad
   To burn alive the Servetus.
10. Massacre,
    For this I prayed, would on thy sleep have crept,
    Treason and Slavery, Rapine, Fear, and Lust,
    And stifled thee, their minister.

On the Boards

By Robert Lewis

Mr. Lewis, associate professor at the Yale Drama School, and director of many Broadway productions, including "My Heart's in the Highlands," "Brigadoon," and "The Happy Time," looks at the advice offered by fifteen stage directors in ***Toby Cole's and Helen Krich Chinoy's "Directing the Play"*** *(Bobbs-Merrill. 341 pp. $4).*

IN the United States he is called the director; in England, the producer; in France, the metteur en scène; and in Germany and Russia, regisseur. This theatre craftsman has always been with us. He might have been the playwright himself (Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Molière), or he might have been, like Henry Irving, an actor. Around the turn of the century, with the influences of Stanislavsky in Russia, Brahm and then Reinhardt in Germany, and Gordon Craig in England, the modern stage director emerged. His job is to interpret the playwright's script for a given audience through the use of all the theatrical means at his disposal: acting, scenery, costumes, sounds, movement, lighting.

After an introduction on the history of the stage director, Toby Cole's and Helen Krich Chinoy's long-awaited, much-needed book "Directing the Play" gets down to business with fifteen articles by directors from George II, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, to Josh Logan. The chapters by André Antoine, Otto Brahm, and David Belasco give us different approaches to the realistic style in theatre. Adolphe Appia tells us how 3-D actors need 3-D scenery to stand in front of instead of the old painted backdrops, while Gordon Craig is represented by his brilliant essay on the director as the unifier of all the theatre arts. Vsevolod Meyerhold reminds us how Molière first brought the action from the center depths of the stage down to the proscenium arch for the actors to deliver their soliloquies right into the audience's lap. Another Russian, Vakhtangov, tries to reconcile the "theatrical" truth of Meyerhold ("Audience: always remember you're in a theatre") with the "lifelike" truth of Stanislavsky, whose Moscow Art Theatre begged its audience to forget it was in the theatre and become part of the lives of the characters on the stage. One of the most important and comprehensive pieces in this book is by one of Vakhtangov's disciples, Boris Zakhava. Here you'll find the

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best advice on the director's work with the actor. Bernard Shaw's brilliant essay "On the Art of Rehearsal" is also fortunately reprinted; and Jacques Copeau gives us a good breakdown of a complete rehearsal period.

The last section ("The Director at Work") contains the actual, specific production and rehearsal notes of famous directors: Stanislavsky on "Othello," Reinhardt on "The Miracle," and Meyerhold on "The Inspector-General." There are floor plans and stage directions of Leopold Jessner and Jean-Louis Barrault. Appended to Elia Kazan's breakdown of the four leading characters of "A Streetcar Named Desire" is a fascinating note from the play's author, Tennessee Williams. Harold Clurman follows his "preliminary notes" for "The Member of the Wedding" with an evaluation of his, or anyone's, written notes in terms of the actual problems of working with "flesh, blood, and spirit," and so brings the book to an end on a fine note.

As a source-book for theatre craftsmen, "Directing the Play" is a valuable companion to the same authors' "Actors on Acting." But let the young director reading this book remember: to profit intelligently from varied opinions on artistic principles requires a point of view of your own. Also, know that the distance between what an artist says he does and what he actually does may be as far as from here to the moon. All claim to desire "truth." Some directors in this book believe in achieving this by working "from the inside out," some try "from the outside in." Be interested in all methods, but find your own way. Beware of the dogmatic ones with the final answer. The truth in art is somewhere in the search for truth. This book is a step in that search.

Belles-Lettres Notes

ELI LOOKS OUT ON THE WORLD: The *Yale Daily News,* founded seventy-five years ago, is the newspaper that serves the great community whose gothic spires puncture the New Haven skyline. Its editors, in the same spirit, have an interest in the world beyond their parish, for the university welcomes students (and visiting scholars) from all over the world, and sends them forth usefully endowed. As a proof of their seriousness, and as a token of an important anniversary, the editors have assembled a symposium which they call **"Seventy-Five: A Study of a Generation in Transition"** (Yale Daily News, New Haven; paperbound, $2; clothbound, $4). More than sixty

Viewpoints

By Floyd R. DuBois

CANTO THE FIRST

(*The Angler Thinks*)

"WILD Strawberries are ripening
Spry warblers pause in northern flight,
White shadbushes are blossoming,
And strident tree-toads trill at night.

"Gold sunshine shimmers noon to dark
But nights are crisply cold and still.
At noon you hear the meadow-lark
At night the spritely whip-poor-will

"The blue-dun hatches have begun
May-flies are dancing on the wing.
Big trout are rising in the run
As little rivers sing.

That trout won't take my "Cahill" fly,
I'll give the "Never Was" a try."

CANTO THE SECOND

(*Thoughts of the Trout*)

"COOL water titillates my gills,
It tastes of spring-time greenery.
Clean water-weeds enhance the thrills
Of under-water scenery.

"Eggs, Grubs and nymphs are winter meat,
With minnowlings and crawfishes.
And caddis-worms are good to eat
In all their metamorphoses.

"But blue-dun flies are hatching out;
May-flies are wooing on the wing.
It's glorious to be a trout
When little rivers sing.

"That stranger fly looks good to me,
I'll taste it anyhow and see."

CANTO THE THIRD

(*Sneerings of the Mink*)

"WILD strawberries are trash to me
And warblers, sleeping, roost too high.
What use white blossoms on a tree
To such a ruthless thug as I?

"All yesterday from morn to dark
I ravaged swale and teeming rill,
At noon I killed a meadow-lark,
At night I ate a whip-poor-will.

"Who cares that duns are hatching out
Or may-flies dying on the wing?
I'd greatly love to choke a trout,
Though little rivers sing.

Here goes to kill, for food and fun,
That big trout rising in the run."

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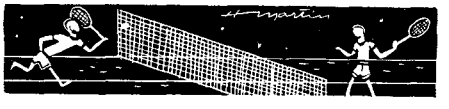
university alumni and faculty members have contributed essays in which they attempt to diagnose the changes in Yale and the world during the past quarter of a century.

Most of the alumni-contributors are eminent in the professions and arts (including the art of teaching), and most of them have something to say. Several essays dealing with fateful themes are swollen with an oracular tone; others fall into the pitfalls of platitude or trade-talk jargon. But the majority of them say what they mean with force and directness. Norman Holmes Pearson's "The Changing Undergraduate" and John Hersey's "The Age of the Vacuum Tube" stand out for these qualities. In general the symposium achieves its purpose: that of clarifying the changes that have revolutionized the world, and of charting the new directions Yale has taken in educating its students to what they will meet outside their ivied walls.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

LAST DECADE OF A CRANKY GENIUS: During the last ten years of his life D. H. Lawrence restlessly traveled about seeking liberation from (in his words) "the present era of civilization, the great era of material and mechanical development." In his quest for the primitive simplicities he stayed in Sicily, in New Mexico three times, in (old) Mexico twice, and finally in Italy and France. His most eloquent epitaph is the simple phoenix he designed for his own gravestone. His wife and many of his friends who knew him during this time have published their memoirs; and quite naturally, since his vivid personality impinged on them in various ways, their portraits differ. A brief, objective record of Lawrence during that decade (1920-1930) has been written by Eliot Fay in **"Lorenzo in Search of the Sun"** (Bookman Assoc., $2.75). It would be impossible to write a dull book about the life of such a cranky genius, whose ideas were as explosive as his emotions. Although Mr. Fay's own style is doggedly pedestrian, he excerpts so much from the writings of Lawrence—especially the superb letters—and of his friends that the bright spots are frequent enough to sustain the reader's interest. In general, though, the book will not satisfy the serious student, for its research is superficial, and no documentation is given (except for a brief bibliography). Nor will it please the general reader, since it lacks any depth of insight or criticism. —R. H.



The Critics Separate Wheat from Chaff

Continued from page 13

tional security may be maintained without injustice to the innocent, particularly as it applies to academic freedom. (Sherman.)

A HOPKINS READER. *Edited by John Pick. New York: Oxford University Press.* $4.50.
Selections from essays, letters, sermons, and journals of the great Victorian poet. (Cross.)

HORN OF THE HUNTER. *By Robert C. Ruark. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $5.95.
An account of a safari in Africa in the summer of 1951 by the widely syndicated newspaper columnist. (Barkham.)

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME. *By Polly Adler. New York: Rinehart & Co.* $4.
The reminiscences of a Brooklyn girl who became a highly successful madam in the Twenties and Thirties. (Kogan.)

LADY WITH A SPEAR. *By Eugenie Clark. New York: Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
A young scientist's report of her career exploring the tropical underwater world. To be published in July. (North.)

LEARNING LAUGHTER: *The New Generation in the Free State of Israel. By Stephen Spender. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.50.
An account of Israel's attempt to rehabilitate its young generation, drawn from all parts of the world. To be published June 26. (Tinkle.)

LELIA: *The Life of George Sand. By André Maurois. New York: Harper & Bros.* $5.
A biography of the French woman of letters based on hitherto unused diaries and letters. To be published in September. (Flowers.)

THE LITTLE MADELEINE. *Mrs. Robert Henrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.* $4.
Reminiscences of a Parisian girlhood earlier in this century. (Derrickson.)

MALENKOV: *Stalin's Successor. By Martin Ebon. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.
Not a potboiler, but a study of Russia's new leader that has been in the works for some time, and which tells the story of Fat Georgi's life so far, his training, the importance of Beria, and speculates on what may or may not happen over there in the light of Malenkov's strengths and weaknesses. (Smith.)

MARY LINCOLN: *Biography of a Marriage. By Ruth Painter Randall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $5.75.
A scholarly reexamination of the accounts given by numerous friends and calumniators of Lincoln's wife and widow. (Derrickson.)

MANTA: *Under the Red Sea with Spear and Camera. By Hans Hass. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co.* $4.50.
Subaqueous exploration is a bustling business these days, and here we have a book, with many photographs, of the doings within the Red Sea, where creatures like the 22-foot manta ray live and breathe. (Flowers.)

MY HOST THE WORLD. *By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.
Third and last in the series of reflective, autobiographical memories of the late philosopher. (North.)

NEW GUINEA AND THE MARIANAS. *By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $6.
Another chapter in Morison's definitive history of the U.S. Navy in World War II, this one dealing with action from New Guinea to Guam from March 1944. To be published June 25. (Wyllie.)

NORTH: *The Nature and Drama of the Polar World. By Kaare Rodahl. New York: Harper & Bros.* $3.
A description of polar expeditions by a Norwegian expert on Arctic medicine. To be published in September. (Barkham.)

ONE MILLION ISLANDS FOR SALE. *By Robert Froman. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $3.50.
A guide to the livability of innumerable islands in and around the North American continent, many of which can be had by purchase or rent. (Hormel.)

ONE OF US IS WRONG. *By Henry McLemore. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* $3.
A loose-jointed, anecdotal autobiography by a Georgia-born sportswriter and columnist. (Douglas.)

ONLY PARENT. *By Louise Dickinson Rich. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.
Having entertained audiences with her family and familiar doings in such books as "We Took to the Woods," author Rich now tells of the trials and rewards that attended raising her children following her husband's death. (Cady.)

THE PASSIONATE YEARS. *By Caresse Crosby. New York: Dial Press.* $5.
The widow of Harry Crosby, the wealthy dilettante who committed suicide in 1929 in New York, sets down her remembrances of their madcap life together in the Twenties, here and in France, where they founded the Black Sun Press and published the early work of such as Hart Crane. (Yeiser.)

THE PEOPLE'S POTTAGE. *By Garet Garrett. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers.* $3.
Essays on what Mr. Garrett believes to be America's most recent steps backward: the New Deal, internationalism, and the rise of the military. (Smith.)

PORTRAIT OF ANDRÉ GIDE: *A Critical Biography. By Justin O'Brien. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $6.
A work by the eminent Columbia professor of French. To be published August 17. (Barkham.)

THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM and Other Poems. *By Ogden Nash. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $3.
A new collection by the Baltimore wit. (Shockley.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANDRE GIDE. *By Roger Martin Du Gard. New York: Viking Press.* $2.75.
A short memoir of the late French writer by one of his closest friends, replete with literary discussions the two carried on over the years and personal remembrances of Gide's great moral struggle, as well as his many lesser activities as a musician, athlete, and nature lover. (Yeiser.)

THE RENAISSANCE. *By Will Durant. New York: Simon & Schuster.* $7.50.
Mr. Durant continues his monumental history of civilization through this period. (Barkham.)

REPORT ON MAO'S CHINA. *By Frank Moraes. New York: The Macmillan Co.* $3.75.
A distinguished Indian journalist tells what he saw on a carefully conducted tour. (Hormel.)

REPORTERS FOR THE UNION. *By Bernard A. Weisberger. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $4.50.
The Civil War was a great stepping stone for journalism, which up until that time was pretty rowdy, biased stuff. Professor Weisberger bases a good deal of his history on the reportorial activities of the North's triumvirate: *The Herald*, *The Tribune*, and *The Times*, and shows how such reporters as Ogden Reid helped shape today's factual news story. (Cady.)

THE RIVER AND THE GAUNTLET. *By S. L. A. Marshall. New York: William Morrow & Co.* $5.
This is a personalized account of the early and bad days in Korea—the battle of the Chongchon River in particular—told by a general who was there. He explains the causes of our defeat, oriental strategies, and one specific and disastrous day in the battle. Illustrated with 34 maps and drawings of weapons involved. (O'Neill.)

RIVER ON THE RAMPAGE. *By Kenneth S. Davis. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $3.
A collection of essays, by the well-known Kansas writer, on river planning, flood control, and rural electrification as it is currently progressing in the Kansas River Basin. (Hormel.)

THE SECOND SEX. *By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by H. M. Parshley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $10.
Exhaustively searching literature and social and psychological studies, the French writer touches a vital nerve with comments on woman's contemporary conflict between the sexual and the social. (Derrickson.)

THE SEVENTH SENSE. *By Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $4.
Continuing Mr. Roberts's account of Henry Gross's attempt to find underground water with a dowsing rod. (Bond.)

SIDEWHEELER SAGA. *By Ralph Nading Hill. New York: Rinehart & Co.* $5.
A history of the steamboat, and its develop-

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ment on the eastern waters of the United States. (Hormel.)

THE STRANGE CASE OF ALGER HISS. *By The Earl Jowitt. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
A reexamination of the Hiss-Chambers case by the former Lord Chancellor and Attorney General of Great Britain. To be published in late summer. (Wyllie.)

THIS WAS MY WORLD. *By Robert St. John. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $3.95.
The autobiography of a reporter in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia during the Twenties and Thirties. (Kogan.)

TRUTH IS OUR WEAPON. *By Edward W. Barrett. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.* $4.
A book by a former Assistant Secretary of State on the methods of American propaganda, how the Voice of America and the Informations Services may have succeeded or failed, with some recommendations on an even more effective program for whipping the Communists in the crucial war of ideas. (North.)

THE VAGRANT MOOD. *By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $3.
Critical and reminiscing essays by one of our hardiest contemporary writers who is equally at home writing about the little-known painter Zurbaran as he is in discussing people like H. G. Wells and Edith Wharton who were personal acquaintances. (Washburn.)

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM? *By Alfred Blazer, M. D. New York: The Citadel Press.* $3.50.
A psychiatrist tackles more than one hundred questions involving love, marriage, fear, frustration, and other emotional problems. (Snadjr.)

WHO SPEAKS FOR MAN? *By Norman Cousins. New York: The Macmillan Co.* $3.50.
After describing journeys to Europe and the Far East, the editor of *The Saturday Review* blueprints proposals for global understanding and citizenship. (Derrickson.)

WILLA CATHER: *A Memoir. By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.50.
By a long-time acquaintance. To be published Sept. 9. (Wyllie.)

THE WORLD OF ROBERT FLAHERTY. *By Richard Griffith. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $5.
Superb documentary films like "Nanook" (Eskimo life), "Moana" (a South Sea panorama), and "The Louisiana Story" established Flaherty's fame. This biographical account takes the readers behind the scenes. (Washburn.)

THE WORTHIES OF ENGLAND. *By Thomas Fuller. Edited by John Freeman. New York: The Macmillan Co.* $9.50.
A new abridged version of a storehouse of seventeenth-century biography and lore by a man who traveled much throughout the country. (Parton.)

THE WRECK OF "THE MAID OF ATHENS." *By Emily Wooldridge. New York: The Macmillan Co.* $2.75.
In the diary of Mrs. Wooldridge is the real-life story of the disaster that struck the ship, *The Maid of Athens*, captained by her husband in 1870 in the vicinity of Cape Horn. (Smith.)

Fiction

TEN VOTES

KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE. *By Rumer Godden. New York: The Viking Press.* $3.50.
A novel about the problems of a young English widow in India, who does not want to take her children back to England, by the author of those two fine books, "The River" and "Black Narcissus." (Bond, Flowers, Herzberg, Parton, O'Neill, Rogers, Sherman, Snadjr, Washburn, Yeiser.)

SEVEN VOTES

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE. *By Alan Paton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
A new novel about racial relations in contemporary South Africa by the author of "Cry, the Beloved Country." To be published August 24. (Babcock, Barkham, Cady, Dolbier, Jackson, North, Parton.)

YOU SHALL KNOW THEM. *By Vercors. Translated by Rita Barisse. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $3.50.
A satire in which a man gets mixed up with some monkeys in New Guinea to the detriment of all concerned. (Barkham, Cross, Dolbier, Jackson, Rogers, Sherman, Tinkle.)

SIX VOTES

THE DARK ANGEL. *By Mika Waltari. Translated by Naomi Walford. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons.* $3.75.
Romance, with the attack by Mohammed of Constantinople in 1453 as the exciting and colorful background. (Babcock, Bond, Cady, Flowers, Shockley, Snadjr.)

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN. *By James Baldwin. New York: Random House.* $3.
Three generations of a Negro family in its progress from the South to Harlem. (Bond, Cross, Kogan, Little, O'Neill, Rogers.)

THE MAN WITHOUT QUALITIES. *By Robert Musil. Translated by Eithne Wilkins and George Kaiser. New York: Coward-McCann.* $4.
A chronicle, somewhat in the Proust style, of life in Vienna in the years before World War I. (Dolbier, Kogan, Little, Rogers, Washburn, Yeiser.)

THE UNCONQUERED. *By Ben Ames Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* $5.
A long, posthumous novel about the South in the post-Civil War period. To be published August 24. (Babcock, Cady, Cross, Flowers, Smith, Snadjr.)

FOUR VOTES

THE ECHOING GROVE. *By Rosamond Lehmann. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.95.
The first book this fine English novelist has published since her "The Ballad and the Source" in 1945. The story concerns the ancient triangle of two widowed sisters, and one of their dead husbands, and is told through flashback, confession, and stream-of-thought techniques by a writer who knows how to use them. (Little, O'Neill, Smith, Yeiser.)

THREE VOTES

DOM CASMURRO. *By Machado de Assis. Translated by Helen Caldwell. New York: The Noonday Press.* $3.50.
Another novel by the nineteenth-century Brazilian writer whose "Epitaph of a small Winner" was published last year. The narrator, an old man, tells the story of his youth, his love for a childhood sweetheart, and his mother's efforts to make him a priest. (Douglas, O'Neill, Yeiser.)

TWO VOTES

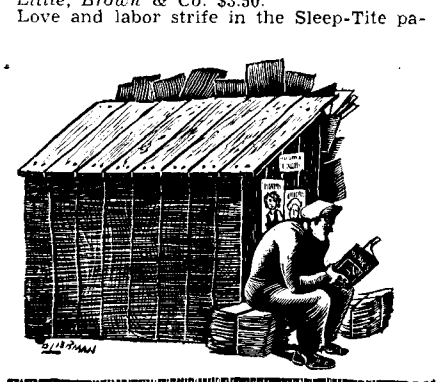
BEYOND THIS PLACE. *By A. J. Cronin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $3.75.
A dramatic story about a young man's efforts to free his father from prison. To be published July 20. (Babcock, Herzberg.)

THE FAIR BRIDE. *By Bruce Marshall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.
A novel about the intrigues a Spanish priest gets mixed up in during the Civil War in 1936. (Cross, Dolbier.)

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST. *By Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.50.
A short novel about a white boy raised among the Indians of eighteenth century Pennsylvania and his disagreeable return to the life of his fathers. (Cady, Douglas.)

MR. NICHOLAS. *By Thomas Hinde. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young.* $3.
A first novel by a twenty-five-year-old English writer that is set in contemporary London, and involves the comings and goings of an upper-middle classer named Mr. Nicholas, who is a blustering, boorish egotist. (Rogers, Washburn.)

7½ CENTS. *By Richard F. Bissell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $3.50.
Love and labor strife in the Sleep-Tite pajama factory amusingly recounted. (Derrickson, Parton.)



THE SINGER NOT THE SONG. *By Audrey Erskine Lindop. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $3.75.
Conflict between a priest and a bandit in a Mexican village. (Bond, Rogers.)

TEAM BELLS WOKE ME; And Other Stories. *By H. L. Davis. New York: William Morrow & Co.* $3.50.
Eleven stories of earlier days in Oregon by a good writer and winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (Jackson, Sherman.)

THE VERMILLION GATE. *By Lin Yutang. New York: The John Day Co.* $4.50.
The setting is the northwest part of China, close by Tibet and Sinkiang; the mood has been described as akin that of "Moment in Peking." To be published July 16. (Babcock, Jackson.)

THE VIOLENT WEDDING. *By Robert Lowry. New York: Doubleday & Co.* $3.
A novel about a young divorcee and a Negro prizefighter. (Kogan, Rogers.)

WESTWARD THE SUN. *By Goeffrey Cotterell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.50.
The romance of an ambitious English girl and an American G.I. in contemporary London. To be published July 16. (Little, Tinkle.)

ZORBA THE GREEK. *By Nikos Kazantzakis. New York: Simon & Schuster,* $3.50.
Set on the island of Crete, this symbolic novel encompasses the variety of actions and hopes that are within the reach of every man. (North, Washburn.)

ONE VOTE

A BARGAIN WITH GOD. *By Thomas Savage. New York: Simon & Schuster.* $3.
A Boston Anglo-Catholic priest fights to save his church. (Snadjr.)

BATTLE CRY. *By Leon Uris. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $3.75.
A Marine company in Stateside training and in action in the Pacific during World War II. (Hass.)

THE CHIEFTAIN. *By Robert Payne. New York: Prentice Hall.* $3.50.
A new novel—this time about an Indian chief and the U.S. Army in 1873—by Mr. Payne, who is so prolific (fiction, biography, history, etc.) he may well outdistance Lope DaVega before he is done. (Hass.)

CHILDREN ARE BORED ON SUNDAY. *By Jean Stafford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.
A new collection of short stories by the *New Yorker* writer. (Parton.)

COME, MY BELOVED. *By Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Co.* $3.75.
Conflict between an American millionaire and his son over how missionary work in India should be carried out. To be published August 17. (Babcock.)

CORPUS OF JOE BAILEY. *By Oakley Hall. New York: Viking Press.* $4.50.
Two crammed decades in the life of young Joe Bailey include a passing parade of poverty, footballing in college, and frustration in love. His marriage forces Joe to solve his accumulation of psychological problems. (Flowers.)

THE CUP OF TREMBLING. *By Karl Brown. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $4.
An attempt, through fiction, to impugn the morals of Harriet Beecher Stowe, told from the viewpoint of her son Frederick. (Smith.)

DIGBY. *By David Walker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.* $2.75.
A capable novelist ("Geordie," "The Pillar") tells here the story of a jaded American tycoon, who while traveling through the witchy Scottish Highlands, is very nearly rejuvenated by the chieftain of a clan (female), but is rescued from further foolishness by the arrival of his wife. (Hass.)

A DOG'S HEAD. *By Jean Dutourd. Translated by Robin Chancellor. New York: Simon & Schuster.* $3.
A modern-day fable, translated from the French, chronicling the troubles of Edmond Du Chaillus, who goes through life with a dog's head on his shoulders. (Derrickson.)

FREEDOM'S WAY. *By Theodora McCormick. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.* $3.50.
A woman, released from Newgate prison in the 1770's, finds a place for herself in America. (Flowers.)

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING. *By James Yaffe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $3.50.
The charming ne'er-do-well and the problem he presents his family told with a con-

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temporary New York background. To be published June 30. (Kogan.)

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY. *By Ernest K Gann. New York: William Sloane Assoc* $3.50.
A reworking of the old "Canterbury Tales" idea, but this time the pilgrims are on an airliner traveling from Honolulu to San Francisco. A narrowly missed disaster shakes up the collective souls on board, so that a different, and perhaps better, bunch of people set foot on earth at the flight's end. (Herzberg.)

THE HOUSE BY THE MEDLAR TREE. *By Giovanni Verga. Translated by Eric Mosbacher. New York: Grove Press.* $3.50.
New translation of a Sicilian classic. (O'Neill.)

THE HOUSE OF STRANGERS. *By Edith Simon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $3.50.
The author of that excellent historial novel, "The Golden Hand," turns her hand to a contemporary story of a young widowed DP, who finds that kindness, in Scotland, as elsewhere, rarely comes without some form of cruelty, too. (Douglas.)

THE LYING DAYS. *By Nadine Gordimer. New York Simon & Schuster.* $3.75.
To be published in August. (Barkham.)

MARRIED MEN. *By Ira Wolfert. New York: Simon & Schuster.* $7.50.
Described by the publishers as "an unconventional novel about the generation of empire-builders who built modern America." To be published in September. (Barkham.)

O KING, LIVE FOREVER. *By Henry Myers. New York: Crown Publishers.* $3.
A man of mid-nineteenth-century England discovers a way to live forever. (Barkham.)

THE PECKING ORDER. *By Mark Kennedy. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $3.50.
Juvenile delinquency in the Bronzeville section of Chicago. (Kogan.)

RAINBOW ROAD. *By Steward Davenport. Atlanta: Tupper & Love.* $3.75.
The gold rush into the Cherokee Nation in the late 1820's. (Shockley.)

THE RETREAT. *By P. H. Newby. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.
A novel of an RAF pilot, back from the wars, who attempts to pick up life where he left it, but succeeds only in plunging himself and his former love into a bottomless psychological pit. (Yeiser.)

SATAN IN THE SUBURBS. *By Bertrand Russell. New York: Simon & Schuster.* $3.
A collection of short stories by the distinguished philosopher. To be published in July. (Kogan.)

THE SHADOWS OF THE IMAGES. *By William E. Barrett. New York: Doubleday & Co.* 3.95.
Political, social, and emotional turmoil in a Western city with a large Spanish-American population. To be published late in July. (Barkham.)

SO NOBLE A CAPTAIN. *By Charles McKew Parr. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* $5.
A partial biography of Magellan and an account of his circumnavigation of the globe. (Dolbier.)

THE STONES OF THE HOUSE. *By Theodore Morrison. New York: The Viking Press.* $3.50.
The trials, tribulations, and assorted tragedies that an acting president of a New England college attempts to cope with. (Derrickson.)

THE STREAK. *By Paul Boles. New York: The Macmillan Co.* $3.
A novel of auto racing. To be published in September. (Herzberg.)

TAW JAMESON. *By May Davies Martenet. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.75.
The attachment of a man-of-all-work for a poor little rich girl and how he helped her make a marriage for love. (Cady.)

TIME AND TIME AGAIN. *By James Hilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* $3.75.
About a man in the British foreign service whose work carries him from London to Paris, Connecticut, and South Africa. To be published August 20. (Jackson.)

THE TIME OF INDIFFERENCE. *By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Angus Davidson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young.* $3.50.
A new translation of Moravia's first, almost autobiographical novel. Poverty in modern Rome. (Douglas.)

WEDDING DANCE. *By Anne De Tourville. Translated by Mervyn Savill. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young.* $3.
This is the story of Gaud, a poor girl, who marries a rich widow's son from a neighboring town. Her mother-in-law, a jealous, vain woman, very nearly wrecks the marriage until Ener, the husband, comes to his senses. Set in the countryside of Breton. (Washburn.)

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

How Far Is the Future?

A FEW weeks ago a mammoth new DC-7 rolled down a U. S. runway on what was just about the last inaugural run of a new commercial transport plane equipped with piston engines. No publicity since those anxious moments before the birth of Lucy Arnaz's baby has been more compelling than the news that the jets are coming. When they are coming or, more specifically, when they are coming to the U. S., is another question. The answer will be a disappointment to anyone with dreams of zipping down to Miami from Manhattan next winter in a flat two hours. Early this May Eddie Rickenbacker of Eastern Airlines was predicting jet passenger liners of eighty to 100 capacity within the next ten years. Douglas, which built the new DC-7, and Lockheed, which will unveil a new Super-Constellation next year, feel they can hold their own with these piston engines until the first of the American-built jets are a commercial reality along about 1958.

The story is quite different on the other side of the sea. A visit to the deHavilland plant outside London some weeks ago revealed Comet I jetliners being finished for Air France; the Union Aeromaritime Transport, which will fly them to West Africa; and Canadian Pacific Airlines, which will operate them in the Pacific. All this was in addition to the fleet of seven jets already flying for BOAC on a three-times-a-week schedule to Johannesburg in twenty-three hours, London to Singapore twice a week in twenty-seven hours, and London to Tokyo in thirty hours.

A Comet I was on what the British like to call the tarmac, and the insides of her cabin looked much like any plane, two seats on each side of the aisle, one compartment for four, forty-four places in all. It could climb to 20,000 feet in ten minutes, 40,000 feet in a half-hour, slip off to Rome in two hours, no bumps, no vibration. At eight miles up the earth takes the shape of a map, the air is clear with no refracted light due to dust particles, the color effects are startling.

All this sounded pretty good, but a deHavilland spokesman gave his assurances that Series 2 and Series 3 Comets would fly even better. Among the companies which have spoken for these later models are Japan Air Lines, LAV—the Venezuelan line, Pan-American World Airways, Panair do Brasil, and British Commonwealth Pacific Airlines. Orders for about a hundred other jet aircraft are in the negotiation stage. The deHavilland man explained that the British aircraft industry had to take a bold step after the recent war, when the United States held a virtual monopoly on commercial airliners and American industry was well satisfied it was in a secure position. "We didn't deter you from that notion," deHavilland's man said, "but went right ahead with jets." Comets are now flying 100,000 miles per week and building up experience every day.

The Comet was built by deHavilland hand in glove with BOAC engineers. "We didn't get a manufacturer's dream," one British airline executive has said. "What we got was a blending of the airline's thinking and the aircraft's factory's thinking." The improved cogitations of both parties, the Comet II, will be delivered late this year and will go into service between London and South America by way of Dakar. At the same time BOAC may begin upper air experimentation on the North Atlantic. Nobody yet knows what kind of air exists eight miles up between London and New York. Comet III, due in 1956, is a potential trans-Atlantic plane, and it will probably fly the run at eight to nine hours westbound, and seven to eight hours eastbound. Its speed is estimated at about 500 mph, which could be increased to 700 mph with a strong following wind.

A straight jet (sometimes called a turbojet) has no propellers and derives its power from the rapid heating and expulsion of gas, thrusting forward like a toy balloon that has been blown up and suddenly released in midair. (The function of a jet has also been described as a bonfire between two windmills.) This same power when harnessed to a propeller which "pulls" the airplane becomes a turboprop.

Next year BOAC will begin putting on a fleet of twenty-five Bristol Britannia turboprop airplanes on a round-the-world service. One route will fly from London across a northern course to Edmonton, Vancouver,

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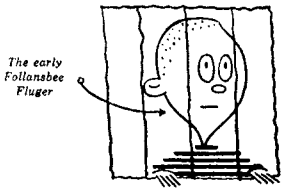
Why Trains Don't Fly

WHILE the airlines talked of going faster, the railroads fumed about high-flown airline advertising that has been poking at trains for being slow, expensive, and uncomfortable. The Southern Pacific invented a dashing airline man, Wingspread "Buzz" McYonder, came up with sample advertising, excerpted herewith. Said the SP, trains don't fly "because if trains flew, trains would be airplanes. Then somebody else would have to be trains . . ."

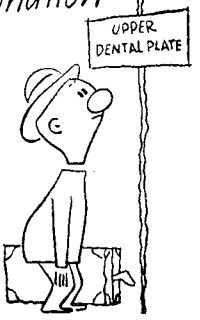
"Airplanes save you time!"

FOLLANSBEE FLUGER saved *one whole day* going by air. He and the sheriff beat the train's time by 24 hours. "I was delighted," the warden said. "We were able to hang Follansbee a day sooner."



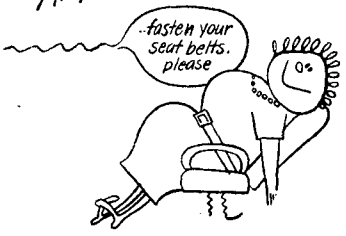
The early Follansbee Fluger

"Planes give a choice of destination"



WALLABY JOHNSON proved, just like Buzz McYonder advertised, that you get *variety* and *new scenery* on an air trip sometimes. "Airlines aren't in a rut, they don't go to the same old dull destination every time," said Wallaby. "For instance, I didn't want to go to Upper Dental Plate, Virginia. I wanted to go to Detroit. But the pilot put the plane down in Upper Dental Plate, Virginia. So I went to Upper Dental Plate, Virginia."

"Airplanes are cozier!"



MISS VIOLA MURPLE says, "I have agoraphobia and can't STAND trains. All those AISLES to walk and stretch one's legs in, those diners, tavern cars and stuff you have fun in—too much *space* on trains, it frightens me. What I like," continued Miss Murple dreamily, "is the cozy feeling of being STRAPPED IN. It helps my figure."

Airline idea of train trip

Cost of same trip by that old Choo Choo

TICKET	$ 8.22
TIPS (Thank you very much)	17.38
MEALS (Sirloin only)	55.10
PULLMAN (Traveling by day? Well, go to bed anyway)	44.77
YOUR EXTRA TIME BY TRAIN (Worth $100 per hour)	600.00
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PRIVATE RAILWAY CAR	115.40
	$840.87

We all agree that everyone has the right to boost his own wares, but not by attacking his competitors. You never see sales messages like these, do you?

use ABC COFFEE
don't use XYZ Coffee
— it corrodes your throat

But on the other hand much to their amazement, people nowadays *do* see messages like these:

Go by Woopsy Airways!
Don't go by TRAIN
—the train makes you tired

the Aleutian Islands, and Hongkong. The other will fly a southern course to New York, San Francisco, Honolulu, New Zealand, and Australia. Britannias will skim the skies at 33,000 feet, cruising at 340 mph or, Bristol estimates, about fifty mph faster than existing piston engines. In an eight-hour flight the Britannia will pull into its destination while a straight piston-powered plane which departed the same place at the same time will still be 400 miles out.

Already in operation on the Continental runs of British European Airways is Vickers Viscount turboprop, now flying London-Rome and other similar routes, cruising at 270 mph. By 1960 Vickers VC-7 will be hauling 150 people in one airplane.

The fast British start was greeted in American aviation circles with a polite raspberry. Said the Americans, the Comet is too costly to operate, too expensive to build, too immature to fly. C. R. Smith of American Airlines, which has twenty-five DC-7s on order, noted that a DC-7 costs $1,600,000 for a production model, whereas a jet runs $3 million to $4 million each. "We are all of us still intrigued by the glamour of the jet airplane, but neither we nor you, the customer, can now afford it."

Smith, who says he would rather see turboprop airplanes before turbojets, adds that the disadvantages of the jets are that they require longer runways, have no propellers to reverse for controlling the plane after landing, are inefficient at low altitudes—especially when required to "hold" in an air-traffic pattern over an airport—produce a volume of noise on the ground which is bad for airports close to cities, are relatively expensive to operate, are not suited to long-range operation because fuel consumption is high and weight-carrying capacities are limited. Its principal advantage: speed. But, says Smith, "It is not always sensible to utilize maximum attainable speed. For example, it would not be difficult to build railroad trains to go 150 miles per hour, or trucks and buses to go 100 miles per hour."

A spokesman for the British charges this off as "merely the sound of the have-nots crying out against the haves." The British estimate of their own progress against American competition can be charged to the fact that the British aircraft plant is small and therefore flexible. It can make twenty-five or fifty planes and still realize a profit. American plants are immense and unless they have an order for 500 or 1,000 planes they are out of business. BOAC says its jet operation for the first year is a financial success. To break even it had to carry a freight and passenger payload of 75 per cent. Between May 2, 1952 and May 2, 1953 its jets carried a payload of 79 per cent. (Actually it lost money on some of its piston engine runs, through no fault of the piston engines, however. The U. S. fuel strike cost it a cool million in revenue losses and it ran afoul of import restrictions in Australia.)

For the immediate future Americans can look forward, beginning the first of next year, to flying coast to coast in a DC-7 in about eight hours. If we produce a turboprop plane, one that can make the journey non-stop, its time will be about six hours. The turbojet will cut the time to five hours. Smith thinks turboprop airplanes ought to be in service by the

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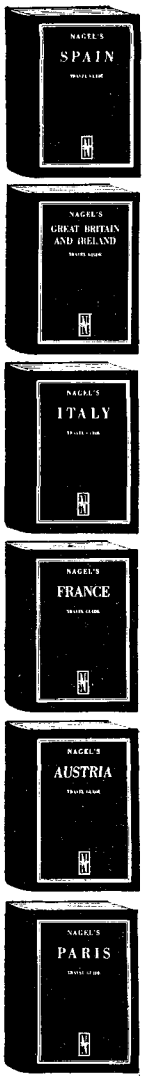

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Books That Matter

time DC-7s and the new Constellations have had "a normal tour of duty." In the meantime, Boeing is rushing a $20 million jet prototype that could be used as a bomber or a transport. It will probably be ready for its first test one year from now. Commercial jet service in the United States will still be years away from that. In the meantime, anybody anxious for a jet ride can try BOAC's London-Rome-Johannesburg run. Line forms on the right, standing room only. —HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELER'S TALES

FOR THE TONGUE-TIED TOURIST: For the traveler who talks naught but English, **"Linguapix"** (by Irving Gaynor Neiman and Otto N. Muller, Simon & Schuster, $1.95) is a trick way of making one's needs known abroad. The trick is to consult a table pasted into the front cover which offers such phrases as "I want" and "How much?" translated into a grand variety of languages including Serbo-Croatian and Hindustani. With that as the beginning of the sentence, the tongue-tied tourist then points to one of a number of sketches which depict his wants of the moment. The sketches, which are exceedingly clear, include everything from a gondola to a Vespesiano. In the introduction the authors state that no handy ten-minute course in any language ever proves usable and I am inclined to agree. They say that no man can think up a perfect phonetic spelling of *Schreibwarengeschast.* They think that those who want to learn a foreign language will be better off to hear a foreigner pronounce it. With "Linguapix" in hand, the traveler will merely have to point to "What is the word for?" in the suitable foreign language, then point to one of Mr. Muller's pix and wait for the true pronunciation.

A SURFEIT OF SPAIN: In the rash of Fabulous Fannys, Fabulous Bawds, and other fabulous books we have now James Reynolds's **"Fabulous Spain"** (Putnam, $7.50). Spain, the way Mr. Reynolds tells it in a welter of detail, full-bodied and very nearly too rich for the blood, is pretty fabulous. The book is a personal *memoir* of a summer's trip, but Mr. Reynolds had been there before and he drops names, places, and ethnic lineage all over the place. The result, I am afraid, is bound to confuse those uninitiated to Iberia. The maze of names, especially, becomes a jargon to those without an intimate knowledge of the country, and there is no map in the pages to help things out. The language, too, is a little pretentious, the style a trifle pompous, and Mr. Reynolds's own art, to my taste, a little heavy-handed. Still, there are some descriptions that are deftly handled, particularly a late afternoon battle-to-the-death between two eagles, and the sections on bullfighting are well brought off. The ways and the costumes of little frequented villages are recorded, and the author wonders if the days to modernity aren't numbered even in the back hill country. —H. A. S.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 522

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 522 will be found in the next issue.

MAJOR MJGBQEJE COHJ RCJ

ECKARJER DBKMAOFCBJE.

A. P. JLJAEKG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 521

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—MAHATMA GANDHI.

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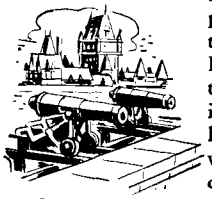

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LA PROVINCE DE

Québec

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by DAVID DODGE

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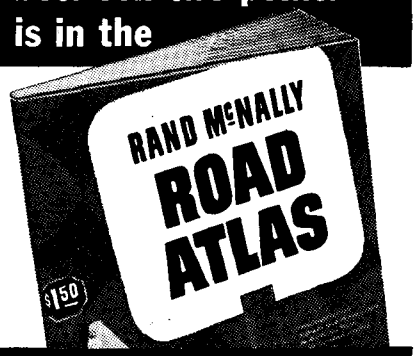

$1.50 at stationery and bookstores everywhere

NEW 1953 EDITION

Sponge of the Present

Continued from page 11

is most inimitably individual, has this source—the writer carries about in him an inner environment which is constant; though which also, as time goes on, tends to become more and more subjective.

One must remember that the inner environment has been always, to a degree, selected: as we now know, there is an element of choice, however apparently involuntary, in memory. The writer is influenced by what he retains; and still more, perhaps, by the very fact that he has retained it—and the picture, by continuous dwelling upon, may be so much intensified as to become changed. Thus, though to an extent the environment creates the writer, he also plays a part in creating it—his art, by demanding this kind of sustenance, has reached back past the bounds of actual memory into a phantasmagoric hinterland quite its own.

EXPERIENCE as an influence needs least comment: this is taken for granted—perhaps too much so. There is a tendency to think that the direct transcription of experience (into novel or poem) and the *action* of experience are synonymous. True action of experience on the creative powers is erratic, indirect and slow—also, in so far as writers do make use of their individual experience as persons, they almost invariably transform it. The experience which really influences art does not consist in drama or incidents; it is a sort of emotional accumulation, or, at its best, a slowly-acquired deep-down knowledge. Experience is the reaction to what happens, not the happening itself—and in that sense experience is, like environment, to a degree selected. The meaning which is extracted from occurrences varies, and varies in its importance, according to the writer's choice as to feeling: he allows some things to "take" with him more than others.

The catastrophic disaster, the sudden primitive joy, are of course irresistible: they impose themselves. These leave behind in the writer what he has most in common with humanity: it is by its power to co-ordinate what is major with what is small in life that the soundness of his art is to be tested.

Is it true that the writers of our day are too much subject to influence, from whatever source? Do they lack the resilience, the independent hardiness of their predecessors? Literary

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influence (the first) seems harder now to throw off than once it was: it has been said that we have too many disciples, too few masters. If this be so, it may be found that, as a generation, we writers are in a transitional, learning stage: the task of expression appears a vast one—the old simplicities of the world are gone; the artist is hard-pressed by what is happening round him. Our century, as it takes its frantic course, seems barely inhabitable by humans: we have to learn to live while we learn to write. And to write, we must draw on every resource; to express, we need a widened vocabulary—not only as to words, as to ideas. The apprentice stage, given modern necessities, cannot but be a long one: some of us there may be who will not outlive it. But at least we are keeping going a continuity; we may serve to link the past with the future masters.

Just Published

MANY of the volumes described below, which we do not have room to review in this issue, will be given more extended notice in early numbers.

ALEXANDER OF TUNIS. By Norman Hillson. New York: British Book Centre. $3.50. A full-length portrait of the British soldier-statesman, who was a field marshal in the last war, and is now Britain's Defence Minister.

ART IN THE ICE AGE. By Johannes Maringer and Hans-Georg Bandi. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $12.50. A survey, with many color and black-and-white reproductions of the art and artifacts of Cromagnon man (10,000-20,000 B.C.), based on discoveries in France, the Spanish Levant, the Pyrenees, and Scandinavia.

THE BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA. By John Esquemeling. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.75. A new edition of a book first published in England in 1684, and written by a pirate who knew Sir Henry Morgan and was in on the sacking of Porto Bello.

CANCEL ALL OUR VOWS. By John D. MacDonald. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50. A novel about alcoholism and infidelity, and how they affect each other in the suburbs.

CECIL RHODES. By Andre Maurois. Translated by Rohan Wadham. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75. A short biography of the great English builder and philanthropist. A new volume in the Brief Lives Series.

THE FIELDS WERE GREEN. By George Arms. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press. $4.50. A group of studies, together with selections from their work, of those much-maligned gentlemen of New England: Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and Longfellow.

DRY SUN, DRY WIND. By David Wagoner. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. $2.75. A first collection of poems by a young American poet whose work has appeared frequently in *Poetry* magazine.

FREEDOM'S WAY. By Theodora McCormick. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $3.50. An off-beat historical novel about a woman released from Newgate prison and sent to America in the 1770's.

THE GYPSY BALLADS OF GARCIA LORCA. Translated by Rolfe Humphries. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. $2.75. Eighteen poems by the late Spanish poet in new translations.

HIGH JUNGLES AND LOW. By Archie Carr. Gainesville: University of Florida Press. $4.50. A naturalist's account of what he saw in the jungles of Honduras and Nicaragua.

IDEALS AND SELF-INTEREST IN AMERICA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS: The Great Transformation of the Twentieth Century. By Robert Osgood. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $6.50. Professor Osgood traces the history of American foreign policy from 1898 to the present in terms of the ideal versus the selfish interest.

INVESTMENTS. By Julius Grodinsky. New York: The Ronald Press Co. $6. A serious appraisal of the investment set-up in this country, with attention paid to shifting taxations, business cycles, life spans of various companies, managerial problems, and the movement of prices.

LANDSCAPE OF THE HEART. By Lettie Rogers. New York: Random House. $3. Life in a $200-a-week snake pit, and of how love is responsible for curing the heroine, Judith West.

THE LAND THAT TOUCHES MINE. By John Sanford. New York: Doubleday & Co, $3. A deserter meets a roadhouse waitress, who helps him examine his weedy past, and is finally responsible for getting him to turn himself in before the FBI can do it for him.

LIFE AMONG THE SAVAGES. By Shirley Jackson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. The *femme terrible* of the short story here relaxes and tells of her life in a big New England house with her two children and her husband (Stanley Edgar Hyman), who is the *homme terrible* of the new literary criticism.

MARLOWE AND THE EARLY SHAKESPEARE. By F. P. Wilson. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50. A critical study of the plays of Marlowe and their relation to Shakespeare's earlier work.

MY KIND OF BASEBALL. By Rogers Hornsby. New York: David McKay Co. $2.50. The personal story of one of baseball's big men, Rogers Hornsby, who is now manager of the Cincinnati Reds, and who is considered by many to have been the game's greatest right-handed hitter.

A NAME TO CONJURE WITH. By G. B. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.75. The fifth volume of Miss Stern's leisurely reminiscences. This time she uses names as a springboard—names she has known, names in fiction, names of animals, the changing taste in names etc. She also puts down her thoughts on parties, St. Thomas Aquinas, and her favorite best sellers.

O KING, LIVE FOREVER. By Henry Myers. New York: Crown Publishers. $3. Another "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan." in which a man born in mid-nineteenth-century England discovers, through the secret in the tablets of King Assur-banipal, how to live forever. At the close of the book, he is a middle-aged man living quietly in present-day New York.

ONE MILLION ISLANDS FOR SALE. By Robert Froman. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.50. A book for overheated urbanites, being a complete guide to the livability of innumerable islands in and around the North American continent, many of which can be had by purchase or rent.

THE PEOPLE'S POTTAGE. By Garet Garrett. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. $3. Three monographs on what the author believes to be America's most recent steps backward: the New Deal, internationalism, and the rise of the military.

THE PRAGMATIC PHILOSOPHY OF C. S. PEIRCE. By Manley Thompson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $5.75. A summation and critical study of the work of Charles Sanders Peirce, who is considered by many to have been America's foremost philosopher. It is he who coined the word "pragmatism."

RIDE OUT THE STORM. By Roger Vercel. Translated by Katherine Woods. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4. A piece of fiction about a captain of a French sailing ship, set in the twilight of those great vessels in the days before World War I.

THE RISE AND SPLENDOUR OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE. By René Grousset. Translated by Anthony Watson-Gandy and Terence Gordon. Berkeley: University of California Press. $6. A French historian chronicles, in three hundred pages, the 5,000-year-old history of China.

RUSSIA WHAT NEXT? By Isaac Deutscher. New York: Oxford University Press. $3. Some speculations on what will come to pass in the Land of Muscovy now that mighty Stalin is gone, by an expert and the author of the best biography yet done on Stalin.

THE SEA-HUNTERS. By Edouard Stackpole. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. $7.50. A history of the great Nantucket whalemen who roamed the seas from 1635 to 1835, including such true and authentick tales as those of the wreck of the *Essex* (on which "Moby Dick" was based), the mutiny of the *Globe*, and the last mutineer from the *Bounty* on Pitcairn Island.

SUGAR COUNTRY. By J. Carlyle Sitterson. Lexington: University of Kentucky Press. $6. A history of the sugar cane industry in the South, which got started in 1753, and which was partially responsible for the gracious living of the antebellum days. Plantation diaries and contemporary letters are used, and there are twenty-three photographs and drawings.

SUMMER IN SCOTLAND. By Ivor Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25. A kind of companion volume to Mr. Brown's delightful "Winter in London," in which he tells of the rills and runes of the country of his birth.

THE VIOLENT WEDDING. By Robert Lowry. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. A novel about a young divorcee, who takes up with a Negro prizefighter, but is repulsed when she sees him kill a man in the ring. Pregnant, she commits suicide, while he, with two notches on his gun, suddenly realizes he had better start realigning his sights.

WHISTLING FOR A WIND. By Charles Landery. New York: Alfred A Knopf. $4. The adventures of the author and an English friend, who sailed from England to the Levantine in a ketch named *Bessie*.

—W. B.

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For the Literary Sport

Continued from page 29

for most game. Numerous anecdotes and illustrations.

RECORDS OF NORTH AMERICAN BIG GAME. Compiled by the Committee on Records. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.

With help of this volume big-game hunters can compare his trophies with official world records. Material on skinning, salting, cleaning, and mounting of trophies is also part of the volume.

Fishing

FUN WITH TROUT. By Fred Everett. Harrisburg, Pa: The Stackpole Co. $7.50.

Here is a theory of simplified trouting that is packed with paintings and sketches by an editor in the N.Y. State Conservation Department.

ADVANCED BAIT CASTING. By Charles K. Fox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

The finer points in casting which feature light lure to imitate the game fish's natural food are described in detail.

MARINE GAME FISHES OF THE WORLD. By Francesca La Monte. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50.

A curator of the American Museum of Natural History categorizes the most important game fishes and recommends equipment, the season, and place—the world over—for ambitious anglers. Janet Roemhild contributes numerous excellent illustrations.

THE STANDARD BOOK OF FISHING. Edited by Bruce R. Tuttle. New York: Greystone Press. $5.95.

Every important big-game fish is discussed by a variety of experts who suggest the proper equipment and seasons prevailing in the U.S. and Alaska, Canada, and Mexico.

HANDBOOK OF FISHES OF THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD. By Bill Ackermann. New York: Greenberg Publisher. $4.

Habits and habitats of 150 species are authoritatively annotated and illustrated in color.

SPINNING FOR FRESH AND SALTWATER FISH OF NORTH AMERICA. By A. J. McClane. New York: Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

The fishing editor of *Field & Stream* provides a variety of useful information on how to hook the fish you're after.

THE AMERICAN FISHERMAN'S GUIDE. Edited by Bill Bueno. New York: Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

Forty-three writers well known to literate anglers tell the initiate where and how to guddle, noodle, net, spear, cast, spin, and wade for anything from sunfish to muskies.

Miscellany

OUR ANIMAL NEIGHBORS. By Alan Devoe. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75.

Mr. Devoe, a nature writer par excellence, capably records his enthusiasm for the animal life on his 125-acre farm in the Berkshires so that the reader enjoys a pleasing nature tour, which is visually aided by Walter Ferguson's illustrations.

BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO SEASHORE LIFE. By Leon A. Hausmann. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

A Rutgers University professor of zoology details over 250 of the most common forms of animal life on U.S. and Canadian seashores.

BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS GARDEN BOOK. Des Moines, Iowa: Meredith Publishing Co. $3.95.

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FIELD BOOK OF AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS. By F. Schuyler Mathews. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.95.

In its forty-third printing, this popular handbook to the wild flowers and shrubs east of the Mississippi has proven its value to amateur botanists and teachers.

FORD TREASURY OF THE OUTDOORS. Edited by W. D. Kennedy. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.

This generous sampling of articles that have appeared in the *Ford Times* magazine ranges through every conceivable outdoor recreation from crossbow hunting to mountain climbing. Popular contributors like Philip Wylie and Bob Hyatt, abetted by color paintings and eye-catching photographs, shape an attractive catch-all.

RACE YOUR BOAT RIGHT. By Arthur Knapp, Jr. New York: D. Van Nostrand. $6.50.

A successful racing skipper in Star Boats, "S" class, dinghies, and Interclubs discusses the painstaken preparations for racing and winning tips for the race itself, much of the material being autobiographical.

TALES OF QUAILS 'N SUCH. By Havilah Babcock. New York: Greenberg Publisher. $4.

A popular hunting and fishing storyteller spins twenty-six yarns, mostly tall and humorous, for anglers, hunters, and innocent bystanders.

The Anisfield-Wolf Awards

Continued from page 24.

educated in China and England. When the story opens she is a widow with one child, living in Hong Kong. There she meets a charming English correspondent, who is unfortunately—and obviously unhappily—married. The two fall deeply and irrevocably in love with each other, and from there the tale moves on to its dramatic conclusion. Dr. Han is a keen observer of men and nature, and she takes the reader into the heart of some absorbing experiences. Her judicious, well-balanced, and on the whole sympathetic appraisal of the New China is particularly significant and valuable."

BOTH the sociologist and the general reader will find interest and significance in Mr. Mowat's "People of the Deer" (reviewed in *SR* June 28, 1952), a book whose charm has been enhanced by the drawings of Samuel Bryant. Of it Professor Linton says:

"In the great Barrens northwest of Hudson Bay live the remnants of the Ihalmuit, People of the Deer, a once-strong and prosperous Eskimo tribe. Although their contacts with whites have been many and disastrous during the past fifty years, Farley Mowat, a young Canadian scientist, is the only white man who has lived with the Ihalmuit over a long period. He learned their language so that he could participate in their folk tales, their reminiscences of an older and richer life. He shared the rigors of their meager existence through the paralyzing cold of winter and the insect-infested heat of summer. Mr. Mowat's book reflects warmly his admiration and yearning affection for these people, once some two thousand strong, but, by the time Mowat joined them, in 1947, there were only forty-six persons in the Little Lakes encampment, their present territory.

"Mr. Mowat depicts with warmth, humor, and compassion his friends of the North, who cling so desperately to their tribal existence, meager and precarious as it is. He writes lyrically of the bleak splendor of their land, of the kindly tolerance of the people, and their patient, resourceful acceptance of their grim existence. His book is a full-scale, well-rounded picture of an inspiring people, as well as a plea for the understanding help without which these people will vanish from the earth forever."

To be considered for the Award a copy of the book in published form should be sent to each of the judges, Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, New York University, Washington Square, N.Y.; Professor Ralph Linton, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut; and Miss Amy Loveman, *The Saturday Review,* 25 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y.

—A. L.

The Gardener

By John Smith

LEAVE him to his walled garden
And the interminable hours;
The sun will fall and the frost harden
The ground and blight the flowers;
The winter come and the spring be over
And the world turn round.

Leave him where quiet shadows sever
The world outside; the world within;
And time grows up and fades and never
Knows the encircling world's din;
Summer is done and the spring is over
And the world turned round.

Leave him now where sad leaves cover
The crumbling walls; the weedwrecked paths;
Winter is come and life is over
And now interminable deaths
Lavish upon him sighs like lovers
Where he lies underground.

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Fiction

Continued from page 19

no one had built a new home for twenty years.

The Commonwealths had established a popular political device known as the multiple vote. Everyone was entitled to one vote, but the educated people, the scientists, artists, writers, technicians, public servants, and valuable members of society might have as many as six votes. The seventh was only given by Royal command. Since the masses could no longer dominate these nations, the most intelligent citizens rose to the top.

To escape Socialism, the Royal family finally flee Great Britain in the Canadian and Australian planes, flying at 600 miles an hour and cruising at 50,000 feet. The heir to the throne and his wife escape to Canada, a princess flies to Africa, and David Hamilton flies with the Queen, her Consort, and his girl to the Royal palace in Australia. The Australians receive their sovereign with delight; England's politicians are tossed out on their Socialist ears. The crisis is over. "Long live the Queen!"

The bare bones of Mr. Shute's novel reveal a strange and imaginative conception that might seem to escape the limits of credulity if his gifts for creating atmosphere and character were not always apparent. Dark-skinned David Hamilton's love for the English girl who serves her Queen and will not marry or live with him until the long crisis is over is touching and entirely credible. The Queen, exhausted with her ordeal and years of service to the Empire, might be Queen Victoria in her sixties or Elizabeth at the same age. She is an example of self-sacrifice, virtue, and duty to the millions of her subjects. As a fictional character in a somewhat fantastic novel she remains a woman and a conception it will be difficult to forget.

DRAMA IN THE CITY ROOM: In his swift rise from copy boy in Texas to head of World Press Service in New York, George McCord blithely left behind an array of broken confidences and blasted careers, a pregnant waitress, and a former boss driven to suicide. It would be hard to find a more noisome knifer-in-the-back than this ruthless ex-telegrapher—or a stupider individual, who almost wrecked a huge news service. But what really built George T. McCord into G. Truett McCord were a ravening ambition, an inerrant eye for the main chance, and an omnipotent assortment of rabbits' feet. For Lady Luck was never far away, from the time he wrote a smash story cribbed from another man's notes until the sudden death of the Big Chief, who was at the point of firing him, left the road to the top wide open. Even his enemies had to pull him out of tough spots to save the organization.

Though Jack Willard's **"The Wire God"** (Doubleday, $3.95) deals with a slightly less raucous world than that of "The Front Page," its atmosphere is the hopped-up, fiction-movie version of the city room, replete with lickerish gentlemen and other larger-than-life characters.

Basic theme of the book is the conflict between business office and news room—with McCord a bumbling dictator, to whom the jingle of the cash register was the sweetest of music, the clatter of teletypes the most discordant.

The credulity of even the most patient reader will be strained by the incessant use of coincidence and the many other implausibilities. His senses, too, are likely to be cloyed by the alcohol and sex which drench the pages.

The best scenes are those written "straight," where, for instance, an old newshand expounds his credo. Of value, too, are the insights into the mechanical operations of a national wire service. In striving for sensational effect, however, the two newspaperman-authors have neglected to give breath to their characters, who are as thin as a sheet of copypaper. —RALPH MORRISSEY.

Two as One

By I. L. Salomon

WHEN wolf is brother to the lamb
and cows find hurdles on the moon
and playful cats bed down with mice
and spiders ravel what they weave,

when weeds refuse to crab the grass
and light stews greenness out of leaves
and pines don't shade new growth to death
and nothing weather-breeds a storm,

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a perfect nullity, will seek
the new dimension that is you.

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EXPERIENCED, FULL-TIME LIBRARIAN for community library at North Shore Congregation Israel, Glencoe, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. Good salary, pleasant surroundings, excellent working conditions. Knowledge of general Judaica helpful, not necessary. Reply with a statement of training, experience and availability to Eliezer Krumbein, Director of Religious Education, North Shore Congregation Israel, Glencoe, Illinois.

WANTED: HOSPITALITY IN AMERICAN FAMILY summer 1954. Exchange this or next summer's use of 3-room flat, residential, Bristol, near university, garden, utilities. Cleaning included. Miss M. Morrison, 1 Clifton Hill, Bristol, England.

WANTED: YOUNG MAN, care marine motor, ocean sailing, love children; $400, June 20. Alliquippa House, Sebasco Estates, Maine.

UPPER NEW YORK STATE city day school needs, in September, a nurse who can also head small, five-day boarding department. Nursing duties light. Surroundings pleasant; atmosphere congenial. Box P-511.

OFF BROADWAY GROUP, whose productions have reached Broadway, looking for distinctive, original plays. Box P-512.

YOUNG DRAMATICS-ENGLISH TEACHER, M.S., male, single, college—high school experience, desires position anywhere. Box P-513.

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NEAR OLD MEXICAN VILLAGE in Cuernavaca Valley, mountainous scenery, 40 miles from Mexico City—spacious ranch house, furnished, 6 bedrooms. Cheap living and labor, opportunity for peaceful retirement or prosperous, taxless guest ranch. Write Torre de Atongo, Tepoztlan, Morelos.

TRYON, NORTH CAROLINA. "Seven Hearths" plantation house, ¾ acre, 1 mile from village. Parlor, cardroom, guest, TV room, office, sunny library, dining room and kitchen; first floor. Bedrooms, bath and piazza above. Porches overlook mountains. Prize rose gardens. $49,000. A. W. Brintnall, Tryon, North Carolina.

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For Sale

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VERMONT, Tunbridge modernized farmhouse, 4 bedrooms, Available through Labor Day. $200. Radom, 34 Lanark Road, Stamford, Connecticut.

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WESTERN NATIONAL PARKS TOUR FOR HIGH SCHOOL BOYS. One-month tour of National Parks, Indian Country and Rockies, leaving third week of July. Supervised by School Administrator. Box P-504.

VACATIONS

WILDERNESS TRAIL TRIPS hiking and riding. JOHN MUIR TRAIL, California Sierra Nevada, July into September. 7 days from $60. Write WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, 1940 Hearst Ave., Berkeley 9, California.

FOLK-SINGER TOM GLAZER entertains at SEVEN HILLS July 4 weekend. Adult repertoire. Write, telephone for reservations. SEVEN HILLS, Lenox, Massachusetts. Lenox 8677.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills, Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby—country auctions—summer theatre—Tanglewood Festival. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE enjoy relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, shore drives, summer theatre. Agreeable clientele. THE BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Booklet.

TANGLEWOOD MUSIC FESTIVAL is just across the road from AVALOCH, a country inn at Lenox, Massachusetts. Opened May 31. Write AVALOCH, Dept. B, Lenox, Massachusetts for illustrated folder, Telephone Lenox 41.

DELLMARSON LODGE, Mortimer's Point, Muskoka, Canada. Beautiful private island. All conveniences. Relax, Fine Food, Recreation. Folder.

LATITUDE 43°-46' N., LONGITUDE 69°-19' W. On famous Monhegan Island, THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Plantation, Maine. Booklet?

HATHAWAY LODGE, the luxury lodge for adults. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Private swimming pool. Magnificent mountain trails for hiking and horseback riding. Golf and tennis, recordings, ping-pong, library, informal dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. Easy transportation. Attractive rates. For reservations or booklets: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N.Y. Telephone Tannersville 299.

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SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Wooded walks. Waterfalls. Trout. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

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FESTIVAL HOUSE now open. Low pre-season rates. Reserve now for Tanglewood. Excellent summer theatre on premises free to guests. Bruno Aron, Lenox, Massachusetts. Telephone 367W.

TANGLEWOOD'S SO CLOSE at MUSIC INN in Lenox, Massachusetts.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1004

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Tears.	163 137 38 170 155
B. Unemployed.	2 130 103 161 62 129
C. Neurotic disease of the Malays.	65 37 102 148
D. One of the most widespread of afflictions of the middle-aged-plus today.	64 98 7 131 149 80 159 83 167
E. Inhabiting the shallows of the sea coast.	93 25 138 120 91 123 109
F. Shiver; bother; trouble.	41 6 67 75 57 87
G. One of the hymns ascribed to Zoroaster himself, part of the Avesta.	33 59 81 119 164
H. Keep clear of.	143 125 118 1 61 79
I. Rope used either as lasso or tether.	150 101 89 126 68 74
J. Unpaid balance, esp. of long standing.	160 45 26 171 12 58 92
K. Hardy novel about an astronomer, 1882 (4 wds.).	69 24 156 99 124 145 153 4 110 90 / 32
L. Iris as named for her father.	43 165 17 106 173 31 135 53 111 116 / 66

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Italian patriot, friend of Garibaldi, uncompromising republican (1805-72).	55 14 82 176 46 35 50
N. Trace backward to a source.	40 144 49 34 15 136
O. Terse, even curt.	114 47 71 21 108 169 147 63
P. Offhand; without special preparation.	134 60 88 77 94 48 22 19 73
Q. Pertaining to spirits of the underworld, esp. of the Greeks.	104 128 16 113 23 142 70 151 157
R. "About half as loud as if you let yourself go" (2 wds.; music dir.).	105 141 175 8 76 13 44 117 85 54
S. What Abelard's Héloise became.	158 100 72 132 18 139
T. Members of the secret "American" party, 1853-60 (comp.).	133 95 78 5 84 177 51 9 20 121 / 36 146
U. Denoting a mere result, the element of intention being absent.	174 140 162 39 112 154 29
V. Dextral quarter-turn (2 wds.).	172 42 127 30 152 28 10 97 86
W. Apparatus to measure undulatory motions of earthquakes.	11 115 168 107 166 27 122 3 96 56 / 52

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 H	2 B	3 W	4 K	5 T	6 F	7 D	8 R	■	9 T	10 V	11 W	■	12 J	■	13 R	14 M
15 N	16 Q	17 L	18 S	19 P	20 T	21 O	■	22 P	23 Q	24 K	25 E	26 J	■	27 W	28 V	■
29 U	30 V	31 L	32 K	33 G	34 N	35 M	36 T	■	37 C	38 A	■	39 U	40 N	41 F	42 V	43 L
44 R	45 J	46 M	47 O	48 P	■	49 N	50 M	51 T	52 W	■	53 L	54 R	55 M	56 W	57 F	58 J
59 G	60 P	61 H	62 B	63 O	64 D	65 C	■	66 L	67 F	68 I	69 K	70 Q	71 O	■	72 S	73 P
74 I	■	75 F	76 R	77 P	78 T	79 H	80 D	81 G	82 M	■	83 D	84 T	85 R	86 V	87 F	88 P
89 I	90 K	91 E	92 J	■	93 E	94 P	95 T	96 W	97 V	98 D	99 K	100 S	101 I	102 C	103 B	104 Q
■	105 R	106 L	107 W	108 O	109 E	■	110 K	111 L	112 U	113 Q	■	114 O	115 W	116 L	117 R	118 H
119 G	120 E	121 T	122 W	■	123 E	124 K	125 H	126 I	127 V	128 Q	129 B	■	130 B	131 D	132 S	■
133 T	134 P	135 L	136 N	137 A	138 E	139 S	140 U	141 R	142 Q	143 H	144 N	■	145 K	■	146 T	147 O
148 C	149 D	150 I	151 Q	152 V	153 K	154 U	■	155 A	156 K	157 Q	158 S	159 D	160 J	■	161 B	■
162 U	163 A	164 G	165 L	166 W	167 D	■	168 W	169 O	170 A	171 J	172 V	173 L	174 U	175 R	176 M	177 T

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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